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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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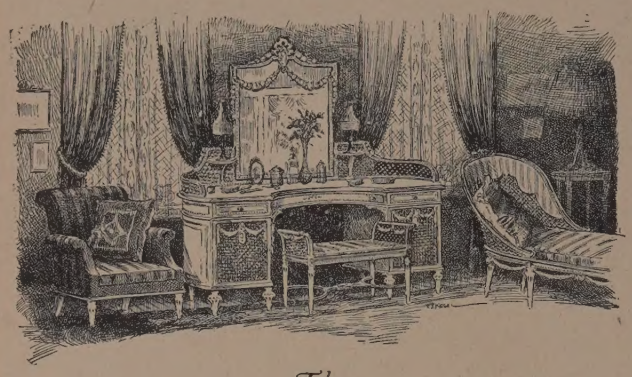

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII MAY, 1913 No. 147

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White

JAMES T. POWERS AS WUN HI IN "THE GEISHA" AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

PLAYHOUSE. "DIVORCONS." Comedy in three acts by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac. Adapted from the French by Margaret Mayo. Revived on April 1st with this cast:

Josepha .....Rae Selwyn
Bastien .....Frank Compton
Concierge .....Henry Dornton
M. Prunelles.....William Courtleigh
M. Clavignac.....Mario Majeroni
Cyprienne .....Grace George
M. Bafourdin.....George Winstanley
Mme. de Brionne.....Gail Kane
M. Gratignan.....Howard Estabrook
Mlle. Lusignan.....Nina Lindsey
Mme. Valfontaine.....Maude T. Gordon
Joseph .....Frank Reicher

Somewheres in the early Victorian period Charles Dance, a prolific dramatist of his day, put forth a one-act piece called "Delicate Ground." Dance was a liberal adapter of other persons' ideas and the source of the play was undoubtedly French. In fifty minutes he summed up the entire essence of "Divorçons," "Françillon," "A Woman's Way" and "Sauce for the Gander," all satirical or humorous variations of the perennial and eternal *drame de triangle.*

It was during the agitation for the passage of the present French divorce law that Sardou in conjunction with Emile de Najac, who suggested the idea, wrote "Divorçons," a comedy in three acts which has been acted in many tongues and which, in spite of its age, still holds the boards, for it was as early as 1882 that the piece was first heard in this country, at the Park Theatre, Twenty-second Street and Broadway, with Alice Dunning Lingard and Frederic Robinson in the principal rôles. Some of its action shows the advance since made in dramatic construction, but in the main its characterization and its comedy scenes are as human, witty, true and sure as they were when the comedy had its first hearing.

Cyprienne, the leading female rôle, has always been a favorite part with Grace George, who scored a big success when she first played it here and subsequently repeated it in London about six years ago. It was not surprising, therefore, that in lieu of a novelty she should elect a revival of this comedy for her rentrée at the Playhouse. Miss George's art in the last few years has advanced with rapid strides. She is to-day one of the most expert and distinguished exponents of high comedy now treading the American boards. Her Cyprienne is a delight to the eye and ear and its every detail sounded with the instinct and utterance of true artistry. William Courtleigh's des Prunelles is a good if rather solid foil to his volatile wife. Gail Kane in looks and action is genuinely Parisienne as Mme. de Brionne, while Frank Reicher, somewhat more youthful than the usual exponent of Joseph, makes that discreet *maître-d'hôtel* a very humorous character.

Sarony

OLIVE WYNDHAM

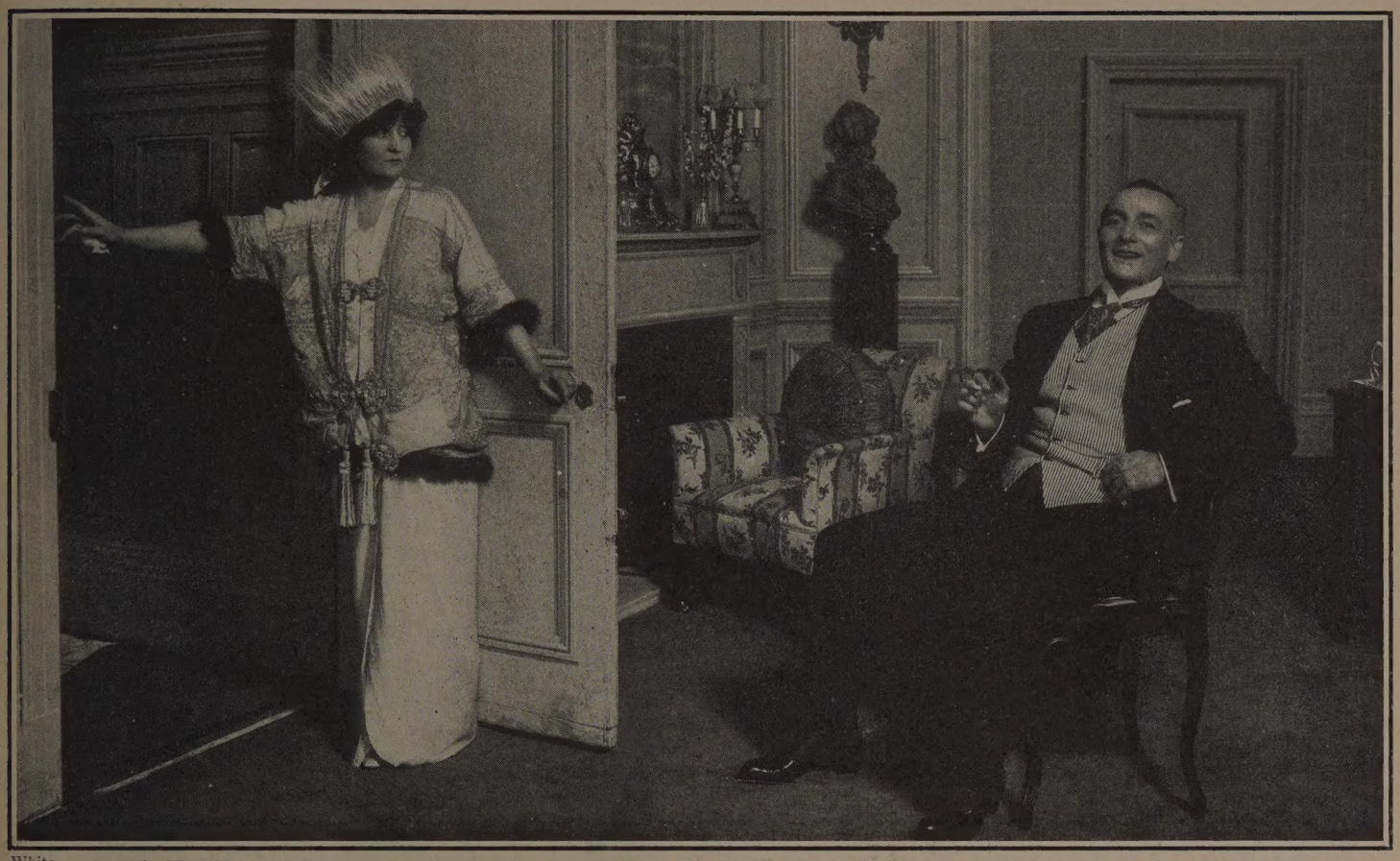
This clever and sympathetic young actress is now appearing in a new play by Owen Davis entitled, "What Happened to Mary"

FULTON. "WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY." Play in four acts, by Owen Davis. Produced on March 24th with the following cast:

Tuck Wintergreen.....Edgar Nelson
Joe Bird.....Harry Levian
Liza Peart.....Kate Jepson
Billy Peart.....J. D. O'Hara
Mary .....Olive Wyndham
Captain Jogifer.....E. M. Kimball
Richard Craig.....Joseph Manning
Henry Craig.....Morris Foster
John Willis.....Franklyn Underwood
Mrs. Winthrop.....Alma Kruger
Tom Little.....J. C. Yorke
Mrs. Gibbs.....Margaret Maclyn

By a slight margin this piece manages to keep its little foothold on the stage. It is described, with a naïve apology, as "an old-fashioned" play, which, if it means anything, means that the old-fashioned things are the best or as good as the best of the day. It is possible that the note on the program, one of confession and avoidance, does invite public indulgence; but the real reason why the play may hold its own at all is that, in many ways, it is theatrically effective, not strongly so, but sufficiently so, at least with a part of the public.

Mary is a waif. Of course there is a wicked uncle who, for reasons that are not at all clear, wants to dispose of her. He had placed her as an infant with an innkeeper and his wife on a fishing island, and, we believe, keeps up some payment for her support. Mary lives in a kind of servitude with the selfish old people, finding her only comfort in life in the friendship of an old peg-legged fisherman, who owns a fishing boat. He seems to know a good deal about her identity, but he keeps his secret or half-secret, so that the story can keep alive. Mary is very unhappy because a rude lover, who later, for the purposes of comedy, blossoms out in fancy vests, insists on marrying her. A young man from the city finds her in this unhappy state of mind and pictures the freedom and the lights of the city to her in such a way that she agrees to follow him. The friend of a sailor helps her away on his sloop. The young rascal is about to get her in his toils, having taken her to a boarding house, when a good young man rescues her by opening her eyes to the situation. A victim of the young man who was luring her now enters into the action. Mary takes employment in the office of the good young man, and is there accused by the bad young man and his mistress of having stolen a large sum of money



White GRACE GEORGE AS CYPRIENNE AND WILLIAM COURTLEIGH AS HENRI DES PRUNELLES IN "DIVORCONS" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

from the handbag of a "society woman" who visits the office and who turns out later to be Mary's very own mother. Mary is finally cleared of the charge, and is to marry, not the rude fisher-boy with the waistcoats aflame, but the good young man of the story. This would all seem preposterously old, but the characters are characters (of the stage), and with the various old tricks and effects and incidents and episodes and situations, "What Happened to Mary" is a play of its own kind.

LIBERTY. "The Purple Road." Operetta in two acts. Music by Heinrich Reinhardt and William Frederick Peters; book and lyrics by Fred de Gresac and William Cary Duncan. Produced on April 7th last with the following cast:

Napoleon	Harrison Brockbank	Kathi	Eva Fallon
Col. Stappe	Edward Martindel	Lori	Anna Wilkes
Major	Horace J. Hain	Ophelia	Mabel Parmalee
Captain	Jerome Van Norden	Paula	Annabele Dennison
Lieutenant	Joseph Royer	Theresa	Elsa Lynn
Pappi	Harold H. Forde	Bertha	Evelyn Grahme
Bisco	Clifton Webb	Mitzi	Elsie Braun
Franz	Frank Grom	Stephanie	Winnie Brandon
The Mameluke	Robert Smith	Fouché	William J. Ferguson
A Soldier	B. Brennan	The Empress Josephine	Janet Beecher
Wanda	Valli Valli	The Duchess of Dantzic	Harriet Burt
Frau Stimmer	Elita Proctor Otis	Anita Carina	Emilie Lea

Pictorially and otherwise Napoleon is held in the general mind in so many attitudes and in so many phases of character that we find nothing inconsistent in seeing him represented in opera. Opera is an artificial form at best, and singing and dancing are not the ordinary business of life. It is no more absurd for Napoleon to sing a love song or to dance discreetly in an opera than it is for any other human being that was or is. "The Purple Road" is a dignified opera, much better than the usual run of them. It has a story, not an entirely satisfactory one in its ending, but very agreeable in its details, romantic and yet possible. Napoleon is represented as a comparatively young man, at a time when his emotions were certainly alive enough to make it probable that he fell in love with a Viennese maid, kissed her, and told her to come to Paris, where he would "help her" with the Emperor. At any rate, he did this in the opera, and what happens is a good operatic story. The maid comes to Paris, believing always that the man who kissed and told his love, she giving in return full measure, was a poor lieutenant. There she discovers his identity, overhears a plot between Fouché and Talleyrand, and saves the Emperor's life. Nothing in particular comes of it, except that when Napoleon is known to be dead in his banishment the maid sings a song of emotional and tenderly reminiscent lamentation, as the sun goes down over a wheat field. For a good part of the time the story meant something, while most operas dawdle about in a piffling way. The production is beautiful in every way belonging to the operatic stage. Everything about it is substantial. This includes the music, which is far above the ordinary, in song and in instrumentation. Mr. Gaites has not stopped halfway in anything in producing "The Purple Road." Small dramatic parts enlist the services of W. J. Ferguson, as Fouché, Elita Proctor Otis, as the village aunt of the peasant girl, and Janet Beecher, as Josephine. Janet Beecher had little to do, was a mere figure, while her two other associates from the stage proper had little more in hand; but the opera was all the better for their presence. For the songs alone the opera is worth the while, and should obtain and retain popularity. Valli Valli's Wanda was excellent in quality of voice, and she is a capable actress, too. The songs generally are so exceptionally good that of the seventeen numbers not one fell short of providing pleasure. Eva Fallon has several pretty songs and dances. The most ambitious was *The Mysterious Kiss*, in the first act, beautifully done by Valli Valli, with a stage full of the brides and bridegrooms ready for a ceremony that presently was to be interrupted and deferred. Eva Fallon's *Feed Me with Love* was charming. Edward Martindel's "Diplomacy," deep-throated, was carried off with a swing and much applauded. Harriet Burt, as the Duchess of

Spring on Broadway

Spring has arrived for back to old Broadway
The actor folk have come, and every day
The puppets of the playwright's brain are seen
Greeting old friends and making new the while.

Success hobnobs with Failure on that street,
And Genius passes. You press agents meet
Bold Notoriety; while Talent, timid—green
Impatiently awaits their fickle smile.

Thrice welcome, Thespians!—matron, man or maid,
To dear old Broadway's lights that never fade.
The winter season's past—God speed the year!
The actors have returned and spring is here!

Leslie Curtis.

Dantzig, used a good deal of current slang, but we might suggest that this was not her individual fault, if it was a fault, and as the good-natured vulgarian elevated to rank, she gave a capital contribution to the effectiveness of the opera. Mr. Brockbank's Napoleon is a good enough Napoleon in appearance, in all reason, for the purpose. "The Purple Road" is so free from the customary inane fooleries of the comic opera of the day that it is a relief.

White

H. B. WARNER AND KATHERINE EMMET IN "THE GHOST BREAKER" AT THE LYCEUM

CASINO. "THE BEGGAR STUDENT." Comic opera in three acts by Karl Millocker. Revived on March 22d with this cast:

Puffke ..... Harry Smith	General Ollendorf ..... De Wolf Hopper
Piffke ..... Parker Leonard	Symon Symonovicz ... George Macfarlane
Enterich ..... Arthur Cunningham	Janitsky ..... Arthur Aldridge
Alexis ..... Leo Frankel	Mayor of Cracow ..... David Heilbrunn
Olga ..... Adelaide Robinson	Countess Palmatica ..... Kate Condon
Lieutenant Wangerheim ..... Paul Farnac	Laura ..... Blanche Duffield
Major Schweinitz ..... J. P. Galton	Bronislava ..... Anna Wheaton
Major Holzhoff ..... Jack Evans	Onouphrie ..... Olin Howland
Captain Henrici ..... Robert Millikin	Sitzka ..... Louis Derman
Ensign Richtofen ..... C. A. Hughes	Bogumil ..... C. W. Meyers
Lieutenant Poppenburg ..... Viola Gillette	Eva ..... Louise Barthel

The revival of "The Beggar Student" has been very happily made, at the Casino. De Wolf Hopper has the part of General Ollendorf, Governor of Cracow, a boastful, blustering official who gets the worst of every encounter. De Wolf Hopper's speech between the curtains is one of the most amusing features of the entertainment. The beggar student is George Macfarlane. Kate Condon, Blanche Duffield, Anna Wheaton, Louise Barthel and Adelaide Robinson are of the efficient, indeed unusual, cast, with Viola Gillette as a lieutenant. "The Beggar Student" is Karl Millocker's masterpiece; and the revival, which is sumptuous in every external way, is drawing full audiences.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE SPIRITUALIST." Comedy in three acts by Francis Wilson. Produced on March 24th with this cast:

Stephen Atwell ..... Francis Wilson	Graves ..... F. S. Peck
Gustav Schumacher ..... John Blair	Eleanor Roywell ..... Edna Burns
Dr. John Anthony ..... Wright Kramer	Mrs. Prince ... Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh
Halton ..... Roland Rushton	Annie ..... Lola Fisher

It is not always wise for an actor to depend for his own purposes on himself as a dramatist. Francis Wilson did this successfully with "A Bachelor's Baby," but when it came to a successor he fell down and fell down hard. "The Spiritualist," which recently had a run of exactly one week at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, richly deserved its short-lived fate. It was preposterous in every detail. Its naïve attempt to evolve a plot in which figured a child being slowly poisoned and a protagonist, who Prospero-like could evoke the spirits, together with incidents of incompetent comedy, minstrel horseplay and abortive sentiment could meet with but one ending. With such material it was not surprising that the acting called for little comment. Mr. Wilson is a born *farceur*. He was at times funny, and in the second act, which seemed suspiciously like a wholesale extract from "Our Goblins," which he did more than twenty years ago, he resorted to and revealed all those tricks which made him famous in his comic opera days. John Blair imparted character to a sketch of a German professor.

(*Continued on page xii*)

Photo White

LINA ABARBANELL AND CARL GANTVOORT IN "THE GEISHA" AT THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

"Damaged Goods" and How it was Produced

"DAMAGED Goods" ("Les Avariés") was written by Eugene Brieux, a French dramatist of purpose and distinction, ten years or so ago. It belongs to a series of plays handling sociological questions. It seeks to bring to the general conscience the evils of immorality resulting in disease and the necessity for some concerted action in stamping out the specific disease, after the manner in which tuberculosis is now being taken in hand. Such a movement is practical, but it is so wide in its scope that the production of a play to further it is a mere trifle. The subject is not a forbidden one. On the contrary, the facts call for frankness and action. It is possible that the production of "Damaged Goods" might have been prevented by official interference, but that apprehension was removed when Mayor Gaynor commended it. Richard Bennett was the moving spirit in it. To his aid came *The Medical Review of Reviews*, which organized a Sociological Fund, to which many people of distinction subscribed. A performance of the play was given at the Fulton Theatre on the afternoon of March 14th. The play is largely a discussion of the many aspects of the evil in its relations to eugenics. The arguments put forward in the play are made possible by the action of a story, and while that story might not constitute an entertainment for the pleasure-seeking multitude, a practical purpose is served. The play is less impressive than its arguments and statements, so that details of them are not essential to this record of a movement, of which the production is but an incident. The acting in the play was marked with entire efficiency. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more competent and in every way fit assemblage of players. Mr. Richard Bennett was the young man who consulted the physician as to his marriage, and who married in spite of warning given. He has emotional power and discretion in his art. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, as the Doctor, was at his best, with that faculty of his of conveying the sense of intellectual force and authority. Miss Grace Elliston was the wife, Miss Amelia Gardner, Miss Laura Burt, Miss Margaret Wycherly, Miss Mabel Morrison, Mr. Dodson Mitchell and Mr. Clarence Handyside were of those who gave their invaluable services without charge.

Copyright Richard Bennett

George Dupont (Richard Bennett) — The Doctor (Wilton Lackaye)

Doctor: "Now don't be frightened—we will do all we can for you. It is one of the results of ignorance"

SCENE IN EUGENE BRIEUX'S PLAY "DAMAGED GOODS"

To a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, Richard Bennett told how he came to produce the play. One night as he sat in a fashionable restaurant toying with truffles and ideas, he heard some men casually discussing it. Deeply interested in the subject, he at once procured a copy of Brieux's book, and after he had read "Les Avariés" the young actor was filled with a determination to produce it for the good of humanity. Prejudice, he knew, stalked in his path, but the world he considereed was sorely in need of that particular play. In every town on his western tour he talked of the piece. In every town he heard the same formula, heard it so often that when a local sage opened his mouth Mr. Bennett stopped it with: "I know what you're going to say. 'It's a good play to read, but it is not for the stage.' Nevertheless I intend to stage it. Seen on printed pages the play may be forgotten. With the added emphasis of voice and movement and living presence it never will."

Thus a year's constant combat on western tour was futile, or seemed so, but Browning assures us "There is no lost good." Richard Bennett was convinced when at the Forty Club in Chicago he was invited to speak and, rising, said: "I've entertained you fellows several times. Now that I've got you where you can't get away I'm going to talk to you."

He told them of the play and he told them that it must be produced and would. "I don't know how," he said, the mighty zeal of unconquerable youth vibrating in his tone, "but it shall."

After his speech Dean Sumner, of one of the leading churches of the western metropolis, grasped his hand. "I want to read that book," he said. "I am interested." Directly after he put the book into circulation in his parish and preached upon its theme.

"The first gun has been fired," announced the knight of the book, and of the eyes and the jaw.

Mr. Bennett came to New York, talked about "Damaged Goods," and made himself a circulating library of the book.

"It's a good play," began his friends of his club—The Lambs—"but——"

"It's going to be produced." Mr. Bennett's warrior jaw was growing.

"I thrust the book, pretty ragged now, under Sam Harris's nose," said the knight of the Brieux play. "Mr. Harris hadn't time to read it but he arranged to let the actor have the Cohan Theatre for the play. Accustomed to battle, the warrior feared this too good to be true. Somebody told Mr. Harris the story of the play. Mr. Harris said it should not appear in his theatre.

The New Princess was tendered him, accepted, and the offer was withdrawn. The proprietors feared the license might be withheld. He asked Mr. Ames for the use of The Little Theatre for a matinee. Mr. Ames took a day to consider; then wrote that while he admired the play and his inclination was to produce it he feared the effect of the production upon his clientèle. "I hope you understand," he wrote. Mr. Bennett thrust forward his jaw and wrote: "I do understand after your production of 'The Affairs of Anatol.'"

Tidings of his purpose crept into the newspapers in a two-line announcement. The editor of a medical journal saw it and wrote to offer his co-operation. They organized a committee and asked John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to join. He wrote he was too busy with his crusade on a related subject in Chicago. But relenting eventually he joined the committee.

"I'll produce it at a hotel," asserted the knight of Brieux. He engaged the Waldorf-Astoria and set about engaging his company for the production. There being no money for the production the players were asked to play for nothing. A few of them consented. The hotel management wrote that it understood the play to be produced was "Damaged Goods," and declined to permit drama of such nature to be produced in that hostelry.

One of those upon whom Mr. Bennett had pressed the tattered copy of his much read, much shunned book of Brieux plays, was he whom actors refer to lovingly as "Pop" Harris. When Mr. Bennett called at his office the elder man said: "Dick, my boy. Harry intended to produce this play. Before he sailed for Europe he told me he wanted to put it on the stage, out of his desire to do something worthy."

Silence fell between them. Before each rose the picture of the going down of the *Titanic*.

(Continued on page vii)

Composer of "Le Ranz des Vaches"

THE first performance of Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl's opera, "Le Ranz des Vaches," or "Kuhreigen," on February 25th, in New York, by the Chicago Opera Company, brought to mind one of the first hearings the opera ever had, an occasion unique and charming, at which the present writer was privileged to be present.

In the wonderful valley of the Salzkammergut, in the neighborhood of Ischl, where the Austrian Kaiser takes his summer outings, is a small and very beautiful Kurort, or Bad, which is little known to foreigners, but is very popular with the Austrians of the neighboring cities. All around it rise majestic mountain heights; to the north, the mysterious Mountains of Death, with their cruel barren peaks; to the east, the gleaming white tooth of the Styrian's beloved Dachstein, while on the nearer horizon are the more friendly and approachable Styrian Alps. The village itself is mediocre, and like a dozen others of its kind, but, straggling up the hillsides all about, are charming villas, and beyond them equally attractive peasant houses, inhabited mostly by visitors in the summer months, who adopt the local picturesque costumes still generally worn in that part of the country.

OLIVE FREMSTAD
Outside her Austrian country home

On a little plateau, a good distance above the town, and reached by an appallingly perpendicular road, is a real, unspoiled mountain Inn or "Gasthaus," kept by a widow and her daughter. A few energetic pedestrians from the village climb up here in the afternoons to drink coffee and enjoy the view of the Dachstein, but it is mostly patronized by the peasants from the surrounding farms, who stop there of an evening to drink their interminable steins of beer. Hard by this inn, in summer, lives Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl, whose opera, "Evangelimann," was very popular in Germany some twelve years ago, and whose latest work has just been introduced to us. He lives with his wife, his cook, and his enormous dog, "Tristan," in an incredibly small house, and has done so for sixteen summers. I have never seen all the family inside the house at the same time, and no doubt it must be a difficult matter, but that does not make much difference as everyone lives out of doors as much as possible in that happy country.

A little distance down the road is an adorable peasant house, set perilously upon the steeply sloping hillside, and girdled by apple and peach trees. This is Olive Fremstad's very own, and a haven of rest and refreshment to which she flies whenever her work will permit, donning the peasant costume and forgetting the big world. I was privileged to share this simple, sweet, little home with her one summer, and as we often sought the Gasthaus for refreshment, we saw much of Dr. Kienzl and his doings.

Poor man, he seemed always at work! I do not know why I say "poor man," for I never saw anyone so completely absorbed and contented, only it used to get on my nerves to see him perpetually bending over his orchestrations as one might over embroidery, making each note as perfect as a printed score.

There was a little grove near by to which he used to go every morning at eight o'clock and work there until summoned to dinner by his wife. Good lady, her voice would not carry half the distance as she disliked to walk, so many a time have Madame Fremstad and I, as we passed the grove, taken the message along, and sung out from the road, "Herr Doktor, zum Essen, bitte!" It always amused me about the Doktor's Grove. It did not belong to him at all, but he is so beloved by all the people of the country, and they are so proud of his achievements, that no one said him nay when he put up several signs advising people to keep away from his grove, and built himself rustic seats, desks and tables. It is a beautiful spot, and it is here that much of his music has been born.

Dr. Kienzl is a short, stocky, bewhiskered little man, rather blustering and of overwhelming energy. He always wears a velvet Tam-o'-Shanter in fair weather or foul, I suppose as a sort of subtle compliment to his great master, Wagner, at whose shrine he is a fanatic worshipper. He talks much, easily, and eloquently, but always upon one subject, his work. No matter if the conversation might start with cheese making, or any other remote subject, he will inevitably lead it by gentle stages back to the one engrossing topic. Such enthusiasm as his is really most inspiring, even if nerve-racking. His wife is in every sense his helpmate, living her life for his alone; seeing to the perfection of his meals and all his bodily comforts with touching devotion, and sharing his every disappointment and success in the ruling passion of his soul.

Sometimes of an evening, when the moon would flood the plateau with marvellous silver light, we would come and tear the feverishly working little man away from the flickering lamp on the table in his yard, where he bent over his mystical black notes, "Tristan's" head on his knee, his wife knitting stockings beside him, and a huge stein of beer before them on the table. He would walk ahead with Madame Fremstad, and they would talk so fast and so excitedly and gesticulate so wildly that they could not continue walking, so our progress was full of funny little halts and intervals. I always brought up the rear with the Frau Doktor, and she would tell me in her gentle voice, wonderful culinary secrets, and describe other domestic intricacies, while I listened in what must have been flattering awe. I learned a little of her life, too, how she had once sung Elsa, and many other rôles in a small opera company, but had abandoned all thought of her own career when she married the Herr Doktor, and made his life and work hers.

All through that summer "the opera" progressed scene by scene, and at last, a week before we were sorrowfully packing our trunks to go back to the world, he triumphantly completed his task, shipped the carefully wrought sheets to Vienna, and—we were invited to a party! We were to be privileged to hear the Meister play through his new opera the next afernoon at five o'clock, in the big attic room of the Inn, where he always worked on rainy days. There were to be a few other guests also, we were to wear our best clothes, we were to remain to supper at the Inn, and afterward it was *hoped* that Madame Fremstad might sing!

We spent an anxious hour wondering what to wear, and another accustoming ourselves to civilized clothes, but at last, when the time arrived, we walked down the road very spic and span, and feeling most uncomfortable. It was a stiflingly hot afternoon, with a thunderstorm growling among the mountains, but we crowded eagerly into that big, warm room, and sat in reverent silence while the story of the opera was sketched for us; and then the Herr Doktor began to play. I got out my embroidery because all the other ladies were sewing or knitting, we had coffee, too, but the opera went on over and above it all. Madame Fremstad took her seat at the piano to turn the pages, and to better enjoy the music, and sometimes, when the Herr Doktor's rough, but not unmusical, voice grew a little tired on the chorus, she would join in softly, carried away by his enthusiasm.

We followed the sad fortunes of the Lady Blanchefleur no less vividly that afternoon in the dusky attic room than did those who witnessed the performance the other night at the Metropolitan Opera House. In fact it was a performance never to be forgotten, for the footlights were the fires of the composer's en-

thusiasm, the characters were still the obedient children of his fancy alone, and the music had the spontaneity and freshness of a spring at its very source. We sat in semi-darkness at the close of the last act, and no one spoke, only the good Frau Doktor brought the composer a glass of beer and a clean handkerchief. Then we all filed solemnly down to a wonderful supper, beginning with brook trout and ending with American canned peaches, considered a rare delicacy. I sat between two ladies, who, much to my distress, wished to practice their English with me, while I desired greatly to improve my German.

This was the last time that we saw the Herr Doktor, for he followed his beloved manuscript to Vienna immediately afterward. A few days later we ourselves drove away in the pouring rain, "Tristan's" farewell bark in our ears, and the Frau Doktor waving her apron at us from the door of her tiny house until we disappeared from view.

MARY F. WATKINS.

$10,000 For An American Play

NEW YORK is to have another prize play contest. Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, this city, offers $10,000 for the best play by an American author submitted before August 15th next. It is Mr. Ames' intention to produce this play next season at the new playhouse now being built for him on West Forty-sixth Street, near Broadway. The award will be made by a committee of three judges, Mr. Augustus Thomas, president of the Society of American dramatists; Mr. Adolph Klauber, dramatic editor of the New York *Times*, and Mr. Winthrop Ames. As all manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, unknown writers will have an equal hearing with those of established reputations. No limitations as to the style of play are imposed, but in making the award those which in the opinion of the committee promise to appeal to the general body of the playgoers will be preferred to those which appeal to a limited class only.

Photo Moffett

JANET BEECHER

This promising young actress, whose work in "The Concert" won considerable praise, is now appearing in "The Purple Road"

In instituting this play contest it is probable that Mr. Ames had two ideas in his mind. One was to dispel the widespread belief, engendered by his career as a manager at the New Theatre, that he can see possibilities only in foreign plays. The other is to provide a tremendous *réclame* for his new theatre. It will be noticed, however, that Mr. Ames does not promise to open the new house with the winner, but to produce the play during the season 1913-14. Nor does he actually *guarantee* a production, although the judges may award the prize. The conditions are liberal, yet perhaps less so than they appear at first glance. There should be more than one prize. A play might be as good or better than the play actually winning first prize, yet entirely inappropriate for Mr. Ames' theatre or purpose. If second or third prizes were awarded, it is quite certain that these plays would find a ready market, thus broadening the usefulness of the competition. It is unreasonable, also, to expect that a play can be written in less than four months.

In the nature of things, the play that may be chosen and produced is likely to fail with the general public. A play that has actually withstood the acid test of this competition comes before the public so heralded by its success that it will have to be another "Hamlet" to withstand the criticism that is sure to be leveled at it. Its success in the competition overadvertises it. It is inevitable. Conditions are all against its success. Expectations in the theatre are rarely realized. The real successes of the stage are accidents.

It is to be hoped, however, that the contest may bring forth a play that is worthy. We also advance the hope that this contest may become an annual event—to be looked forward to as the Prix de Rome is in France for painters and musicians, that even if the play should not make a mere, vulgar success of money, that it be considered an honor to have won the Ames prize, that a medal should go with it, that other grades be established and that the contest be announced far enough ahead so that authors may have time to prepare for it, and that the date of final adjudication be set back at least three months, so that the non-winners may still have sufficient time to market their plays elsewhere for the ensuing seasons.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

1. Authors must be residents of the United States.

2. Plays must be original, and of the right length for a full evening's entertainment. No translations, adaptations, one-act pieces, or musical comedies will be considered. Dramatizations of novels, short stories, etc., may be entered, provided full rights to make such dramatizations have been secured.

3. Each play submitted must be signed with pseudonym only, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, bearing *outside* the title of the play and the author's pseudonym, and enclosing the author's real name and address. These envelopes will not be opened until the judges have made their decision.

4. Manuscripts must be clear, typewritten copies, and sent by mail or prepaid express, addressed: "Winthrop Ames' Play Contest, Care The Little Theatre, 240 West 44th Street, New York City." Manuscripts must be received before August 15, 1913. The award will be made and the manuscripts returned as soon as possible after that date; but as Mr. Ames cannot hold himself responsible for possible loss, or damage to any manuscript, authors should keep copies of the plays they submit.

5. No play can be considered which has previously been submitted to Mr. Ames, either at The Little Theatre or while director of The New Theatre.

6. The payment of the award of $10,000 will entitle Mr. Ames to all rights whatsoever in the accepted play, and shall be considered as advance payment on account of royalties until these royalties, reckoned at 10% of the gross receipts from the play, shall have amounted to $10 000. Thereafter Mr. Ames will pay royalties of 8% on all additional gross receipts derived from the play.

7. While Mr. Ames engages, in any case, to pay $10 000 for the best play submitted, he does not promise a production if, in the opinion of the judges, no play of requisite merit is received.

Photo Bruguière

MME. GERVILLE-RÉACHE

Distinguished French contralto who has recently completed an extensive concert tour of the United States

Giannino Antona-Traversi and His Plays

THAT fiery dramatic Italy is capable of bringing forth comedy as delicate, as lightly philosophical and humorously satirical as France and England, Giannino Antona-Traversi will prove to us when he comes to this country next season to supervise some performances of his plays.

The national Italian drama is still in its infancy. It does not count more than two or three score years. In the seventeenth century Italian comedy flourished, and Scaramouche, Harlequin, Isabella and Colombine wandered to Paris to set an example to the French players and become the forebears of many a character in French comedy. Even the great Molière studied them to his advantage. But, since then, Italy went through all sorts of political quandaries, and the theatre had to suffer under them. For years nothing was produced but plays in dialect, comprehensible and interesting only to limited populations. Still, these plays had one great virtue: they became a source everlastingly fresh for the national drama to drink from. There is an ancient symbol that reflects a persistent aspect of life: the legend of Antæus, the giant son of Earth, who always bent down to his mother to take new strength from her. So does the contemporary Italian drama from her mother, the old drama in dialect.

Photo Sciutto
GIANNINO ANTONA-TRAVERSI

Alfieri, and the Venetian Goldoni, came and laid the cornerstones of the national drama. A little later, Paolo Ferrari tried to rejuvenate the Goldonian style and to approach reality somewhat closer. Torelli, the first Italian naturalist, drew some living characters and stated in his plays the habits and customs of his fellows with simplicity. Then a strong reaction made itself felt. The historical drama became the public's favorite and gave Corra, Cavalotti, Gubernatis, Borio and Corradini an opportunity to become famous.

But the French, the Germans and the Scandinavians had thoroughly overcome the bombastically pompous style that generally characterizes such plays and had progressed to a more human form of dramatic art. Their influence could not be evaded by their Italian contemporaries. Giacosa came, and with his facile, amiable talent he impressed a new stamp upon the theatre in his country. He was sure to find an echo in Italy, where creative as well as destructive passions are more vivid than elsewhere, and where it is most desirable that the stage should present a protest of society against the egotism and the fancies of the individual. One of Giacosa's plays, "As the Leaves Fall," can stand comparison with the best of its kind and was warmly received in Germany and France.

Besides Giacosa there is Verga, a little less plastic than he, less able to follow all the metamorphoses of the public's cravings, but more virile, original and profound. With his "Cavalleria Rusticana," made world famous by Mascagni, he opened the stage to the *fait-divers*. There is also Rovetta, who, however, belongs more to the old school. He began his dramatic work by accident and continued it by habit. His "Trilogy of Dorine" is interesting but in this as in his other plays, even though the curtain falls on the end of the story, the problem is not solved, neither in the soul of the characters nor in that of the audience. Marco Praga has more force and subtlety, and also, in a different style. Roberto Bracco, whose master mind goes at the depth of things. Enrico Butti also stands out as an interesting and original dramatist. He seems to have given himself the mission to illustrate in his plays the struggles of conscience between faith and science. His manner reminds one somewhat of the Frenchman Brieux.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, of course, holds a position quite unparalleled as a dramatist as well as a novelist. His verbose, dazzling lyrism is incomparable; but even were his plays of little account by themselves, they would ever live in the minds of those who saw Eleonora Duse act them. And then, had d'Annunzio done nothing else, he found the most beautiful title that ever was: "Mutilated Victories."

Finally, there are the two brothers Traversi, Camillo and Giannino. Camillo the elder, is more of a student than Giannino. He undoubtedly acquired his rather pedantic manner while professor at the foremost Italian universities. He generally chooses serious themes and treats all his plays seriously.

Giannino is quite the opposite. He was born in Milan, the son of one of the wealthiest landowners in Lombardy. His youth and early manhood were spent in the idle pastimes of well-born Italians: gambling and gallantry, and never did it occur to him then to make any profitable use of his brilliant gifts. Financial difficulties arose and obliged Giannino to give a more serious turn to his life. He decided to retire to one of his father's estates in the country and devote his time to the breeding of silkworms. When Traversi senior found that his son was building up a business he at once proceeded to put him on a business basis with himself and demanded a rent for his property, which Giannino was unwilling to pay. He abandoned silkworms, business ambitions and all and returned to Milan to become a professional prestidigitator. The natural deftness of his fingers and remarkable facility of speech soon won him the favor of Milanese society. But his stern father was decidedly opposed to so fantastic a career for his younger son and shut the doors of his palace to him, so Giannino packed up his belongings and moved to the nearest hotel, declaring gaily that now he was going to open a dramatic shop. Skepticism and laughter responded to this heroic decision, and his friends were wont to tell him: "Your plays will go the way your silkworms went."

But this time Giannino was in dead earnest. In 1892 he came out with a one-act comedy, "For Vanity's Sake," which was soon followed by another single act: "Next Morning." They were both played in Milan and very much liked. At last Italy had an author who wrote about society people, not as outsiders generally treat this sort of play: half with envy, half with an inborn antipathy and lack of real insight, but as one of their own order who had lived among them and had kept his eyes open. His dialogue was crisp, full of *mots d'esprit*, and elegantly turned a point that the aristocrats of Milan are specially particular about.

Giannino Traversi felt decidedly encouraged. After the success of his third one-act play, "The Bracelet," he tried his hand on a more serious four-act play, "Dura Lex," in which he championed divorce. But the lighter vein was predominated in him, and his next big piece, "Flirt," established his reputation as one of the best living writers of comedy.

The love of change seemed to be so deeply rooted in Traversi's nature that once more, for a time, he abandoned his dramatic work. He founded a newspaper which appealed particularly to his faithful followers, the aristocrats of his native city. But two years later the fascination of the drama again took hold of him. He gave a charming playlet, "The First Time," written in the style of Arthur Schnitzler, the author of "Anatol," and, soon after, a comedy in four acts, "The School of Husbands," which the great Novelli played successfully in Paris in 1898. In this brilliant comedy of manners he flays the cynicism and degradation of the rich idle class. Yet Traversi never preaches. His touch always remains light, his speech restrained and courteous.

His next piece, "The Ascent of Olympus," in five acts is a scathing satire against social

(Continued on page ix)

Scenes in the Revival of "The Beggar Student" at the Casino Theatre

Symon Symonovicz (George Macfarlane) and Enterich (Arthur Cunningham)

Bronislava (Anna Wheaton), Laura (Blanche Duffield) and Countess Palmatica (Kate Condon)

Photos White

Act II of Millocker's operetta, "The Beggar Student." Scene 2. In the Palace of Countess Palmatica

Copyright Mishkin Paul Althouse as Dimitri Copyright Mishkin Adamo Didur as Boris Copyright Mishkin Louise Homer as Marina

THREE CHARACTERS IN MOUSSORGSKY'S OPERA, "BORIS GODUNOFF," PRESENTED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

RUSSIAN OPERA SCORES AT THE METROPOLITAN

TO the utter amazement of the public and to the discomfiture of the infallible lobby prophets, the artistic success of the Metropolitan Opera season of 1912-1913 is "Boris Godunoff," practically an unknown opera by the Russian, Modest Petrovich Moussorgsky. Very little was known here about its composer, and, judging from hearsay, the opera gave little promise of appealing to the great music-loving public, since it had no prima donna rôles, its hero being a basso, and its plot being gloomy and not very interesting or appealing.

But, happily for all concerned, all "guesses went wrong"—to lapse into the vernacular, for "Boris Godunoff" scored a tremendous success, both with the public and artistically. And its production at the Metropolitan redounded more to the credit of Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini than any other work they have produced and conducted here.

Its first performance in America occurred at the Metropolitan on Wednesday evening, March 19th. The full cast is here appended, as a matter of record:

Boris, Adamo Didur; Theodore, Anna Case; Xenia, Lenora Sparkes; The Nurse, Maria Duchene; Marina, Louise Homer; Schouisky, Angelo Bada; Tchelkaloff, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Pimenn, Leon Rothier; Dmitri, Paul Althouse (his début); Varlaam, Andrea de Segurola; Missail, Pietro Audisio; The Innkeeper, Jeanne Maubourg; The Simpleton, Albert Reiss; A Police Officer, Giulio Rossi; A Court Officer, Leopoldo Mariani; Lovitzky and Tcerniakowsky (Two Jesuits), Vincenzo Reschiglian and Louis Kreidler. Signor Arturo Toscanini conducted.

Anna Case as Teodora and Adamo Didur as Boris in "Boris Godunoff"

The libretto of "Boris Godunoff" was fashioned by the composer after a dramatic work of the same title, written by the Russian author Poushkin. It treats of the fate of the remorseful Czar of the Russians, Boris, who, to satisfy ambition, caused to be slain the son of Ivan the Terrible. This child was heir to the throne, and upon his death Boris is proclaimed Czar. His conscience haunts him and he retires to a convent for prayer and meditation, and, while in devotional seclusion, his secret passes into the ken of an old monk and chronicler, Brother Pimenn, who embodies these facts in a chronicle he laboriously writes. Pimenn, knowing his earthly term to be limited, confides this secret of Boris to a young monk, Gregory. The latter is unhappy in his seclusion and longs for the life of the outer world. He learns from Pimenn that the murdered Czarewitch, Dmitri, would have been about his own, Gregory's, age had he lived, and this knowledge fires his imagination and his love for adventure. He escapes from the convent, steals across the Russian border into Lithuania, gathers followers and has himself proclaimed Czar.

Learning of the uprising, Boris calls a meeting of the Duma to take action against the Pretender, the false Dmitri. In the spectre-haunted brain of Boris there has always existed some doubt whether

Photo White
Lenora Sparkes Adamo Didur Anna Case and Chorus
CORONATION SCENE IN MOUSSORGSKY'S OPERA, "BORIS GODUNOFF," AT THE METROPOLITAN

or not Dmitri had really been killed, and he is troubled by visions of the murdered child. One of his ministers has spied upon him and has seen Boris in the throes of one of these ghastly séances. This he tells the assembled members of the Duma, and at that moment Boris appears, walking stealthily and chasing imaginary spectres. He regains composure when he sees the members of the Duma. At this juncture there appears the aged monk, Pimenn, who tells of a dream in which a shepherd was cured of blindness by praying at the tomb of the slain Dmitri. The news of this vision completely unnerves Boris. He commands that his son Theodore be brought before the council, and he then proclaims Theodore his heir and follower, after which he collapses and dies an agonizing death.

Even a cursory glance at this bare skeleton of the plot will suffice to convince the reader that here is very little indeed to interest the average New York operagoer. To the Russian this is history, but to the New Yorker it is gloomy operatic material. And yet for three performances, this depressing story has held audiences enthralled by its qualities of simplicity and sincerity. A more impressive work has rarely been heard here.

And now a word about the history of the opera itself, which was written sometime about 1868, when the composer was struggling for recognition. It was produced first at St. Petersburg in 1874, and was given twenty times that season, after which it appears to have faded from public view for fifteen years when it was heard at Moscow. In 1889 new interest was aroused in the neglected work by the publication of an edition of the score, revised by the composer's friend, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Attention was redirected to the opera in 1908 when it was given at Paris, with Chaliapine as star. Elaborate scenery and costumes were brought from Russia for this production, and this equipment was bought by Signor Gatti-Casazza and used at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.

Considerable controversy has been waged as to the editing of Moussorgsky's music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, some critics claiming that irreverent hands have been laid upon the work. This can be quickly brushed aside by the retort that "Boris Godunoff," as it now stands, is a masterwork, and that the world probably owes Rimsky-Korsakoff gratitude for having saved the opera from oblivion.

It is not always easy or profitable to analyze one's sensations at the first hearing of a new work, but in this case it is interesting because of the age of this opera. The chief feeling at first hearing is one of absolute amazement at the modernity of this opera. It is almost impossible to believe that this music is nearing its half-century mark. There are effects in it that were hailed as

original and new when exploited a few years ago by Debussy and Dukas. There are pages in the orchestral score that would do credit to any modern master of instrumentation. Many of the melodies are Russian folk songs and church modes, and there are dance rhythms of both Poland and Russia. Here, too, is heard the partial use of that "whole-toned scale" which is generally supposed to be original with Debussy.

But the dominant note of this opera is sincerity. The interested listener feels throughout that its creator was giving utterance to something that simply demanded to be heard. It is ever the note of life, as the composer knew and felt it. There is sombreness and gloom, the key of depression rules the emotional gamut of his tonal palette, save in the coronation scene when the pealing of deep-toned bells, the brilliant processions and the restless surging of the crowds are so marvellously mirrored in tones. And once more does he tap the gayer mood when he takes the false Dmitri to Poland and there introduces a Polonaise and a Mazurka, both lending brilliant musical touches to the scene. I could go on at great length praising the music, but it would all circle about the towering convincing fact that sincerity is the spine of this remarkable score.

No more wonderful scenic background for this music could be imagined than these Russian canvasses and the Russian costumes and properties. Many of the latter are said to have been picked up out of smaller Russian museums, while some of the costumes were made by the very people they stand to represent in the opera—in other words, they are not the products of theatrical costumers. The flat-painted surfaces of back drops are suggestive of the work of some "Cubists"—but it all adds its mite of interest to the production and makes it ring true.

The Metropolitan production left little room for criticism. Didur, in the title rôle, sang and acted better than ever he has before, emphasizing the melodramatic importance of this part and winning praise for his artistic interpretation. Anna Case, as his son Theodore, was gracious and charming, but she failed to rise to the dramatic significance of her part in the final death scene. As the false Dmitri, really the Monk Gregory, a new American tenor made his début at the Metropolitan, in the person of Paul Althouse. He sang excellently at the dress rehearsal but not so well at the first performance, suffering from indisposition. He gives promise, however, of becoming a useful member of this ensemble, having a high, clear voice and acting with unusual intelligence. Rothier, as the Monk Pimenn, was capital, as was De Segurola as the vagabond Varlaam. Jeanne Maubourg was the Innkeeper, singing her folk song with much spirit. Homer was the lady of the Polish Court, Marina, in love with Dmitri. Other rôles were well taken by Lenora Sparkes, Maria Duchene, Reiss and Bada. The chief soloist of the performance (*Continued on page xi*)

Photos White

Tom Whalen (George Fawcett) John McLoud (Frederick Burton) Hal Clarke

(Inset), Hal Clarke (Vincent Serrano) and Kate McLoud (Katherine Grey)

SCENES IN ERNEST POOLE'S PLAY, "A MAN'S FRIENDS," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Undone by a Song

EVA TANGUAY arose from the divan in the drawing room of her Morningside Heights home. She drew a scented handkerchief from her waist and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"But I do care!" she cried dramatically. "I do care! There's nobody in this wide world who cares more than I do. I have been undone by a song.

"Ten years ago I sang in a musical play a song called *I Don't Care*. It made such a hit that I have been forced to sing it ever since. In fact, I can't appear on any stage without singing it. I've got to sing:

I don't care, I don't care,
What they think of me.

or I can't live. But I do care what they think. I do, I do."

Out of breath and with tear-stained cheeks the bundle of energy and nerves called Eva Tanguay fell back on the divan. Petulantly she went on:

"That wretched song has been the cause of all my trouble. It has cost me all my friends. It has cost me the respect of everyone who has ever seen me. Everybody thinks I'm crazy or impossible to get along with. The most terrible stories are told about me. And why? Because that wretched song, *I Don't Care*, has pursued me night and day from the first time I sang it. I'm not going to cry any more. But I can't tell you how many hundred times that song has made me weep.

EVA TANGUAY

"I never cried when I was a little girl in Holyoke—in Holyoke, Massachusetts," she confided after finding a comfortable place on her divan. "I was the best little girl you ever knew, and yet some people have been unkind enough to say I was headstrong and made my people no end of trouble. I was born in Holyoke thirty-four years ago, if you want to know, although one horrid manager says I'm over forty.

"To be sure, life in Holyoke is not wildly exciting—that's why I came to New York and went on the stage. I started in the chorus, but I wasn't in it very long. Managers are not slow to find out what girls have a good figure. They gave me a chance in 'The Chaperones.' I had a good song, *My Sambo Girl*, and it started me on my career. That was twelve years ago. Of course, now I've got this large apartment filled with bric-à-brac, a limousine and a nice little bank account, yet I'm not the happiest of mortals. Creature comforts can't make a person happy, even if they are fond of luxury. The truth is, I'm not quite happy in my mind. People say such awful things about me. I'm sure you've heard the most dreadful stories. But I couldn't be as bad as all that could I? The stories are preposterous.

"It's pleasanter in the library," she suggested suddenly, and suiting action to word we moved to that room, a cheerful, bookish room overlooking the city. When she found a new position she resumed the conversation.

"Those were wild, care-free days—my chorus-girl days I mean," she went on. "I was quite popular, and there was rarely a night that I didn't go out to supper—my bird-and-bottle nights I called them. I wasn't particularly interested in my work in those days—I was far more interested in enjoying myself. I suppose I was as fond of gaiety as any girl in New York. But when I made progress in my work I realized that I couldn't continue pleasure seeking and still do justice to my managers. Really, I was very conscientious about that. So I decided to cut out late suppers and devote my time to my work. Of course, what I am to-day is the result of that decision, but I tell you I've missed many a good time by it. I've often wished I was back in Holyoke, with my life to live over. I'm quite sure I would not have chosen the stage. But can you picture me as a Holyoke matron with four or five kiddies and a husband with whiskers?"

The famous vaudeville star broke into a hearty laugh. A moment later she was serious again.

"Perhaps it would be much nicer than what I am to-day. Ask anyone what they think of me. They'll tell you I'm crazy, crazy as a bedbug. People don't come to see me because they think I'm an artist. They regard me as a curiosity. They say, 'Let's go and see Eva Tanguay,' just as they'd say, 'Come, let's go to the Zoo.' I know that's the way I'm regarded. I've heard it on all sides. To be sure, I receive $2,500 a week in vaudeville, but that doesn't make up for the attitude of the public. I was much happier when I was receiving less than $200 a week in the 'The Chaperones' a dozen years ago.

"My *Don't Care* song is responsible for my unhappiness. Managers think I'm impossible to manage. Only the other day a manager issued a statement that he was unable to manage me, that I had thrown up my part in his musical production and that I had cost him a large sum of money. I have no press bureau to issue a statement of my side of the story. I've had trouble with nearly every manager in New York, with the result that they have said to all their friends that I'm crazy. Fortunately, they don't know what I think of them. They hear me sing *I Don't Care*, and they go out of the theatre saying, 'You can't do anything with that Tanguay woman.' They really believe I don't care.

"Let me tell you how I first happened to sing that wretched song. After my success in 'The Chaperones,' in which I sang a song called *My Sambo Girl*, I appeared in a musical play of the same name. The part I played was that of a wilful, headstrong girl, and the songs were in keeping with the character. One of the songs was *I Don't Care*. It wasn't much of a song, but audiences seemed to like it, and when I went into vaudeville the manager that booked me asked me to sing it. I did, with the result that it made a big hit. I didn't like to sing it—I didn't like the idea of singing about myself—but managers told me it was a good business. It was a good business for them. People got the idea that what I was singing was really true—that I didn't care, that I was conceited, that I was crazy. They came to see me because they thought I was a freak.

"When I realized the injury it was doing me I stopped singing it. But I found I couldn't get contracts unless I included it in my act. My contracts to-day specify that I sing *I Don't Care*. I can't get away from that song, for unless I sing it I starve. If people only knew how much I cared they would feel different toward me. They wouldn't tell such awful stories about me. They wouldn't say I was crazy."

"If you please, Miss Tanguay, it's time to leave for the matinée—the car's at the door," said the white-capped maid who entered the drawing room. A few minutes later the actress was on her way to the theatre.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

I Don't Care

They say I'm crazy, got no sense,
  But I don't care;
They may or may not mean offense,
  But I don't care;
You see, I'm sort of independent,
Of a clever race descendant,
My star is on the ascendant,
  That's why I don't care.

Chorus.

I don't care, I don't care,
  What they may think of me;
I'm happy-go-lucky,
Men say I'm plucky,
  So jolly and care-free.
I don't care, I don't care,
If I do get the mean and the stony stare;
If I'm never successful, it won't be distressful,
  Cose I don't care.

THE SONG THAT DID IT

Greatest Grande Dame on American Stage a German

FIFTY-ONE years on the stage, innumerable rôles in drama and opera, partnership with an impresario which included an oversight of the costuming department and the management of a theatre, have gone to the making of that perfection of artistry, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly's characterization of Frau Gudula in "The Five Frankforters."

Mathilde Cottrelly as Frau Gudula

Every creation in the world of art is a mosaic of experience tinted by talent or temperament. Because Mme. Cottrelly has watched and participated in the leading events of the stage for more than half a hundred years, because she has been a soubrette and a prima donna, because she was a pioneer woman manager in this country, because she has herself made more than one stage costume, because she has sung and danced for audiences of two continents, she has imbued the widowed head of the house of the world-famous Frankforters with the breath of life, warmed it into a humanity so intense, so true, as to be poignant.

For this reason and because she is gifted with talent and a big, all-comprehending mother heart, she makes everyone in the audiences who see the play whose slightly cloaked theme is the rise of the great house of Rothschild, homesick for his mother.

Fifty-one years lie between "Die Kleine Meyer," who at eight years old made her début in "Three Days in a Gambler's Life." a German prototype of our own shocker, "Ten Nights in a Barroom,' and the exquisitely played Frau Gudula. She was of Hamburg, the daughter of a musician whom his family had designed and educated for a physician and who withdrew its funds and favor when he elected to lead the life of a wandering orchestra leader. When she was four her mother died. Before she had attained ten years her father's health failed and Mathilde Meyer, whom they called "Die Kleine Meyer," was supporting her father and sister. She could dance and sing. She played comedy and tragedy. When she was eleven she played Lady Macbeth and sung and acted prima donna rôles in light and grand operas. A German dramatist, declaring she was a character actress, and that the way of fame lay through character parts, wrote them for her. When she had compassed but a dozen years she was playing attenuated spinsters and elderly fat women, in which latter rôle she had to be assisted by many pillows.

Mathilde Cottrelly at the time she made her first appearance in New York

Emissaries from the great theatres of Berlin visited country towns where she was playing, to see the little prodigy. They urged her to go to Berlin. There the Court, the Folks and a Vaudeville house bade for her services, and because the staid and super-classical Court Theatre required its acolytes to play for a year at one of their out-of-town theatres before making a Berlin début, and she wished a permanent home for her family, and because the Vollnar Theatre, a vaudeville house, paid higher salaries than the Folks, and the family needed that salary, the family's little head chose the Vollnar. At once she became a favorite player of Germany's capital city.

While she was at the height of her childish reign, a little less than fifteen, the Cottrellys, a famous circus family, witnessed her performance.

"You like her?" George Cottrelly asked his sister.

"She is adorable," replied the sister. "I am enchanted by her."

"I am glad," he rejoined, "for I intend to make her your sister-in-law."

"But you have never met her."

"No matter, she shall become my wife."

So she did. At fifteen she was a bride. At sixteen she was the mother of Alfred Cottrelly, who became known in the business world of this country. At eighteen she was a widow. Berlin managers sought her and said: "Come back to the stage."

"Of course," said the young widow. "I must."

She returned in the drama "Teresa Kronens," which told the life story of a beautiful young Viennese actress, Teresa Kronens, the Adelaide Neilsen of Austria, who died at twenty-six, a running-the-gamut play that, immensely popular in Germany, has since become a classic. In a night she won back the old popularity and added a new. For several years she starred in repertoire, playing in the capitals and provinces of Germany and Russia. At twenty-two, reading of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, she determined to visit it. She dipped into what seemed to her a bowl of Dantean heat, turned about and sailed back with scarcely a glimpse of the Centennial Exposition, but not before she had signed a contract to return to this country.

She made her début in America in "Honest Labor," at the Germania Theatre, which afterwards became Tony Pastor's. She set instantly about learning English, and the next season made her début in San Francisco. Returning from the long tour, she took control of the Thalia Theatre. For two years she was its manager. It was a physician who terminated her contract.

"Nerves, my dear madame," he warned. "Nerves. No man could play a new part every two or three nights and direct a stage and manage a playhouse. You must cease." She turned her back regretfully upon the enterprise, which had been in all senses successful and during which she had sung the chief rôles in "Fatinitza," "Boccaccio," etc. Later she joined McCaull's company, making her first appearance in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Thereafter she was in all but name partner, her money as well as her time and talents being poured into the organization. After nine years with the McCaull company, and losing in the venture all of her hardly amassed fortune, she played grandames in English drama. She is remembered with Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match," and with Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still."

ADA PATTERSON.

First photograph of Mathilda Cottrelly taken in America

Copyright Mishkin

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LINA CAVALIERI

This well-known prima donna has just completed a concert tour of the United States

Handling Humanity in the Mass

"WE have heard how this manager and that 'makes an actress,'" said I to Ned Wayburn. "Will you tell me how you handle actors in the mass?"

"All I ask of them is that they concentrate," said Ned Wayburn to me. "I will do the rest. If they don't concentrate they lose their jobs. Or rather they don't get any."

I chose to talk with the big man, six feet two in his socks and weighing two hundred and ten in almost any array, because up and down Broadway he is known as "The Chorus King." Perhaps that is the reason he is never addressed even by lawyers sending him documents in long, severe-looking envelopes, as "Mr. Edward Wayburn." At any rate, the name sticketh like a burr and will not be detached. It has been stamped, trade-mark-like, on many a notable Broadway achievement and has become a guaranty of original handling of stage problems He is young. He is energetic. He rests not with the lethargy of fatuous middle age upon his laurels, but climbs to farther ones. In fifteen years he has produced between ten and fifteen musical pieces, in each of which he has directed the stage evolutions of from thirty to one hundred and fifty girls. Once four hundred and fifty were under his supervision on one stage. He has been, then, successively commander-in-chief of small armies of femininity, punctuated with masculinity, for many campaigns.

"The discipline is army-like?" I suggested.

"Yes, but more severe," he rejoined. "It is system, system, system with me. I believe in numbers and straight lines. I learned to value both when I was a mechanical draughtsman and I apply my knowledge of them with what I believe are good results. I know one critic who doesn't like them. Again and again he protests against the mathematical precision of the work of my choruses. But he might as well complain of the mathematical precision of a military parade. Can you imagine a spontaneous military parade? For convenience and for thorough effects I always work in eight or multiples of eight. The number corresponds to the beats in a musical score. For instance, I teach the foot movements first by saying 'Left foot, toe, ball, heel, flat,' with then 'Right foot, toe, ball, heel, flat,' then when all know what those movements of the feet mean I count 'One, two, three, four,' for the left foot, 'Five, six, seven, eight,' for the right. Always eight or multiples of eight, you know."

"I have heard that you prefer raw material."

"I would rather have a girl who has had no experience, so that there will be nothing for her to unlearn. Give me such a girl with a fair amount of brains and I can make her an efficient member of the chorus in ten days."

"How?"

"By the same system that I use with all." Mr. Ned Wayburn rose from one of the red velvet cushioned benches that line the walls of the red and white tea-room of the Winter Garden. "We will go there so that no one will find us," he had said, when I found him in his business-like office.

Hall
NED WAYBURN, "THE CHORUS KING"

"I engage all the girls and I never engage one until after the line up." His eye swept the imaginary line as a police captain reviews his patrolmen. I must explain to you that I spend twenty-five hundred dollars a year for an office in a Broadway building, and never get a dollar back from it, just for the purpose of keeping a directory of available girls for productions. Three clerks are kept at work on the card system, with alphabetically arranged, the names, addresses, experience or inexperience and description of the girls recorded."

"And age?" I supplemented.

The chorus king declined the amendment. "Not age," he said with a smile. "That is immaterial. I have eyes. Besides, I don't care how old or young she is. I only care how old or young she looks.

"The names are classified according to the rating we have established. There are four kinds of girl of the chorus: the 'A' type, a tall, good-looking girl, of brains, education and refinement, what we might call a 'well brought up' girl. There's a subdivision of this type. It is the road show girl. She is tall and good-looking, but has less apparent breeding. She will do for the road, but is not quite up to the standard of New York.

"The next grade, the 'B' girl, is a grown-up dancer. She has the attributes of the show girl, but can dance, too, which is very useful. She is good cement, filling nicely into gaps, but a shade less dainty in appearance than the 'A' girl. The 'C' girl is much like the 'A' girl, but smaller and younger, is, in fact, an undeveloped 'A' girl. She is likely to grow into an 'A' girl. She and the 'B' girl are very useful for the picture dances. The 'D' girl is a dancer. She is small, healthy and trained for vigorous dancing. Out West they call them ponies, in Chicago 'broilers.' If the 'D' girl remains small she has a profitable career before her. There is one working for me, Helen Mooney, who came to me when she was seven years old. That was ten years ago. Now she's seventeen and married to a stage carpenter and keeping house. Another 'D' came to me last summer. She is Alma Braham, of the musical Braham family. She had never been on the stage until she appeared in 'The Passing Show.' Now she is one of the best in the chorus.

"We pay every girl in the chorus twenty-five dollars a week. They used to receive twelve and fifteen. We do this to get and keep a good class of girls. I try to do that, to get girls who live at home and work hard. The girl of this class is much the better sort. She is a hard worker and ambitious."

White
HELEN MOONEY
Ideal type of eccentric dancer

White
MABEL D'ELMAR
Ideal type of natural dancer

White HELOISE SHEPPARD
Ideal type of fancy dancer

"Why are chorus girls of so much better type than chorus men?"

"I suppose that is because it's a rather lazy life for a man and doesn't develop the best in him, though I have several very fine chaps in the chorus of the 'Honeymoon Express.' When I thought of giving a performance of understudies I selected a young man, college bred, of good family and refined tastes, to take Harry Fox's place. He played the part admirably."

"Then you are not of the school who say: 'Of what use are brains on the stage?' Members of the profession have often told me that!"

Ned Wayburn raised shoulders that are broad and skeptical.

"Brains are of use in every situation and profession in life. The more we have the better we succeed in anything."

"But how do you develop a chorus girl in ten days?" I prompted.

"First I line them up." He had sat down again, but his eyes, gray, keen, the eyes of a business man one would have called them who did not know that the face in which they are set are those of a gifted stage director, swept the imaginary group. I arrange them exactly as though they were to appear that night on the stage. Usually I place the shortest one at one end of the line and graduate them until the tallest stands at the other end of the line. Or I place the shortest ones at the ends of the line and graduate their heights until the tallest is in the middle. That is so that they will look as though they were the same height from the front. This can be done so that, though there may be a head or more of difference in the heights of the tallest and shortest, they look of one height, whereas if the tallest happened to be placed next to the shortest, the difference would be strikingly apparent.

"I always ask them to remove their wraps and hats. I do this so that I may have a distinct picture of the girl. I can see whether she has a good figure and whether she is cross-eyed. Both of these defects would bar her because they would be apparent to the audience. Some of the girls come here with hats drawn low over their faces, with thick veils on, and even wearing glasses, but the glasses must come off. When I see there are no impediments of that sort I make my appraisement by asking them to walk across the stage.

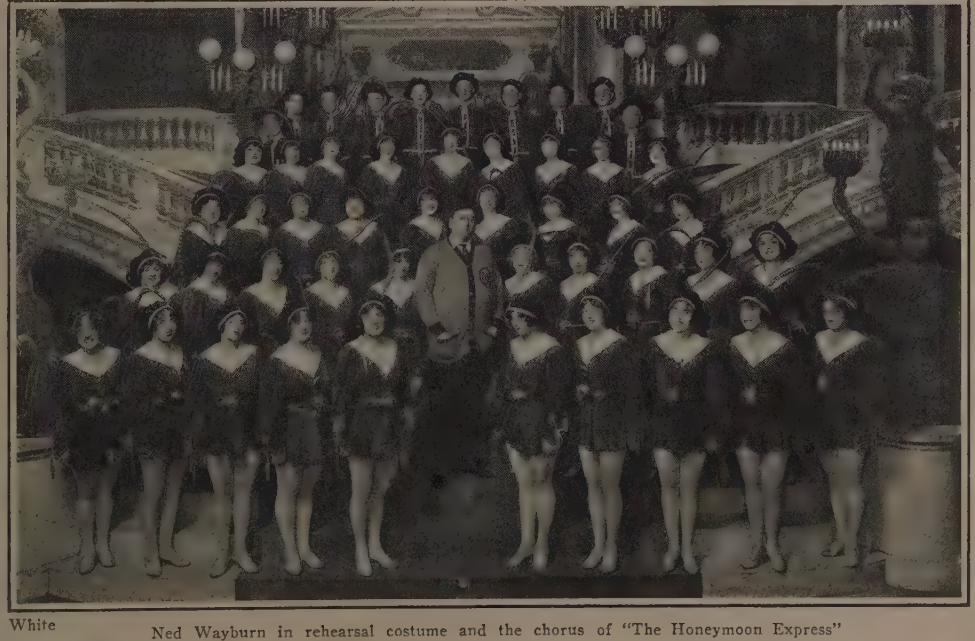
"If a girl walks well or her carriage is sufficiently good and her face is intelligent enough to show that she will quickly learn how to walk well, there is a chance for her.

"When the required number and types have been chosen I call the roll in my own way. Standing before the chorus I point at each girl and say: 'What is your name?' 'O'Brien,' she may say, and I repeat the name distinctly. It makes a photograph on my brain. For some reason I never forget it. I have called the roll of two hundred strange girls in that way and remembered everyone by name. Years afterwards a girl may come up to me and say: 'You don't remember me.' 'I do,' I say, and surprise her by repeating the name. It is best to know their names and address them by them; it establishes a better working atmosphere.

"After choosing and naming, so to speak, the chorus I teach them the four walls of the stage: the 'front,' the 'left stage,' 'right stage,' and back wall or 'back stage.' I drill them to face each of these at command. The next commands are: 'Half left stage,' 'half right stage,' etc., which signifies that the line is to cut off a corner, so to speak, of the stage.

White GLADYS BRESTON
Ideal type of show girl

"The next step is to teach them to walk to music. I stand in the centre of the stage and the chorus forms around me in circles, the chorus men first, the show girls in the next circle, and the smallest members of the chorus in the last circle. The chorus men walk in one direction, the show girls the opposite, and the dancers in their outer circle in the same direction as the men. As they walk they count, the show girls 'beginning at one and counting to eight.' That gives the show girls twice as much time and gives them the stately effect of their slower walk. This is the final test. If an applicant survives this she is likely to reach the opening night of the performances. Most of them learn quickly to walk to music, and whoever can learn to walk to music can dance. A few are hopelessly out of it. They have no notion of time. There is no rhythm in them. Now and then you meet a girl who is quite deaf. The lack of sense of rhythm is fatal. Such persons must be eliminated.



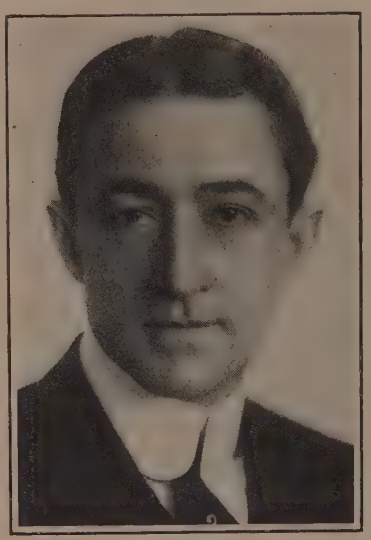
White Ned Wayburn in rehearsal costume and the chorus of "The Honeymoon Express"

"Afterwards I teach them the movements of the picture dances —Delsartean movements.

(*Continued on page vi*)

A New Author-Actor-Director

AMONG the most constant of the complaints lodged by professional critics and writers against the modern stage is that concerning the present dearth of competent stage-directors. Managers are frequently quoted as deploring the fact that so few young men of education and ability are willing to take up this interesting and profitable career. And again and again, in reviews of new plays, one finds actors criticized for faults which are obviously due to inadequate and unintelligent direction. It is not too much to say that poor direction can do more harm to a good play, and that good direction can be of more assistance to a poor one, than can poor or good acting.



Bangs JOHN EMERSON

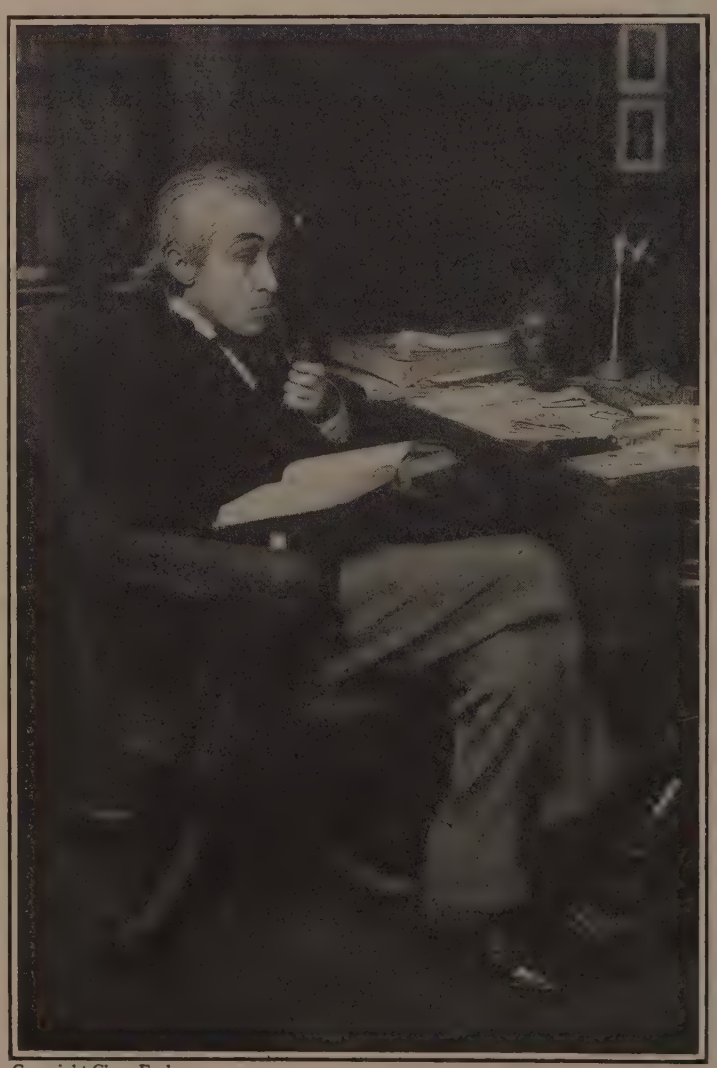
In view of the importance of this matter to the modern drama, there is particular interest attached to the career of a young man who has recently come to the front and who promises to become a noteworthy factor in the American theatre—John Emerson, actor and playwright, and who, at the age of 35, holds the responsible position of general stage-director for Charles Frohman.

Mr. Emerson is an Ohioan by birth. His early ambition was to enter the Episcopalian ministry, but after several years in a theological seminary, he concluded that he had mistaken his vocation, and completed his college course at the University of Chicago. But it must be added that he was not born with the proverbial gold spoon—he worked, and worked hard, to secure an education for himself. After leaving college, there was no cessation of study; attracted by the stage, he taught literature and other branches in a school of acting in Chicago, meanwhile conducting a church choir there—for Mr. Emerson is a skilled musician—and himself taking lessons in the school in which he taught. After a year of this, he played a very small part with Tim Murphy—his first professional engagement—and at the end of the third performance was discharged "for incompetency."

"I decided that I didn't know enough to be an actor," remarks Mr. Emerson, with a reminiscent smile. "So I came to New York and studied for three years more. To support myself I taught, staged amateur plays, and went on as a 'super' and 'extra man' in various productions. Sometimes I stand aghast at the calm assurance of the average young person—and some who are not so young; they seem to think that acting is a matter of—what shall I say?—inspiration? Luck? Special dispensation? That it requires no preparation, no study. Yet they would be among the first to laugh at a man who tried to paint without first studying drawing, colors and values; or at a would-be writer or musician who was ignorant of the first thing concerning the technique of writing or music. One can tell them nothing—either they think there is nothing to know or else they think they know everything already. Of course, not all actors are in this class, by any means; but there are far too many for the good of the stage."

Mr. Emerson's first New York engagement was as stage-manager for Bessie Tyree and Leo Dietrichstein, and he held this for two seasons, playing small parts also. Then followed a brief season with Mrs. Fiske, as stage-manager and understudy, and his long apprenticeship was over. A valuable professional association with the late Clyde Fitch began when he was engaged as stage-manager for the production of "The Truth." In accordance with his custom, he understudied an important rôle—that of the mendacious old father—and played the part during the greater portion of the play's run in New York and elsewhere. After the tragic death of Clara Bloodgood, he had a season with Mme. Nazimova, again as stage-manager, and having understudied several rôles, in a short time was playing such parts as Riccardi, in "Comtesse Coquette"; Krogstadt in "A Doll's House" and the doddering husband in "Hedda Gabler." Of his work in the last named part, Nazimova said in a letter to the present writer: "He is the best Tesman I have ever had."

The following season, Mr. Emerson assisted in staging "The Blue Mouse," and when Mr. Fitch died, he was chosen, as the man most familiar with the author's methods, to put on "The City." After a season as general stage-director for the Messrs. Shubert, during which he appeared in the support of Marietta Olly, a German actress of brief career here, and also produced and played the leading rôle in "The Watcher," Mr. Emerson joined the Frohman forces. He staged "The Runaway" for Miss Burke, "The Attack" for John Mason, "Bella Donna" for Nazimova, and various other plays, and managed to find time to collaborate with Hilliard Booth and Cora Maynard on "The Bargain," and with Robert Baker on "The Conspiracy," the latter one of the pronounced successes of this season. The former play was produced at a special matinée, and two managers have offered to star Mr. Emerson in a rewriten version of it; he has thus far refused, preferring to remain with Mr. Frohman. As an actor, he has established himself by his character study of the eccentric newspaper writer in "The Conspiracy." His talent appears to lie in parts requiring sardonic humor rather than straight comedy, and subtlety rather than force; though in various rôles he has been successful in depicting nervous, hysterical types. It is in his capacity as director, however, that the representative of THE THEATRE found him most willing to talk.



Copyright Chas. Frohman

John Emerson as Winthrop Clavering in "The Conspiracy"

"I have remarked on the dis-

Strauss-Peyton

JULIE OPP

This well-known actress has been appearing this season as Portia, in William Faversham's production of "Julius Caesar"

James & Bushnell
FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD
Playing in "What Happened to Mary"

White
LOUISE LE BARON
Appearing as Alan-a-Dale in "Robin Hood"

Sarony
CLAUDE FLEMMING
Appearing as Dr. Berncastler in "The Merry Countess"

like many actors have for being 'told,'" he said, in the course of a much interrupted interview in his dressing-room at the Garrick Theatre. "And you ask me where, in my opinion, they can learn the rudiments, at least, of their profession. Well, I believe in schools of acting; at all events, theoretically. We have at present several good ones, which are doing all that could be expected of them under a commercial system. Schools of acting should not be conducted on a commercial basis any more than should other schools; like the colleges and universities, they should be endowed. If some of our millionaires who profess an interest in the drama would stop endowing theatres and would give their surplus change toward establishing a school something on the order of the Paris Conservatoire, they would be performing a genuine service to the theatre.

"I do not mean to say that the ability to act—the initial ability, the imagination, the personality, can be given by a school; but certainly one should be taught, whatever his or her native ability may be, what to study, and why, and how. There are so many things to be learned. And not the least of these is the necessity for taking direction; some actors never learn that. I have not a very high opinion of the modern stock company as a training school; the average stock actor falls into very bad artistic habits, principally through lack of time and lack of direction. Still, for a year or so—not longer—it does give a certain amount of experience, all of which is not harmful. The best thing, to my mind, that a young actor or actress can do is to try for a small position with a good company and understudy one or more of the leading parts. And if an ambitious young man will take up stage management he will learn in a year more about the practical side of the theatre than he will learn in ten seasons of acting. And he will be a better actor for such experience, and far more valuable to managers.

"To me the stage is very practical, not at all a place for theorizing, either in acting or in plays. For instance, I believe that 'The Watcher' was a good play, but it was propaganda and was not successful. Plays should not propound theories, or even facts, which are not already a part of the public mind.

"Look at the success of the modern 'crook' play; before all these theories concerning criminality were made a part of the public consciousness, through popular books, magazines and newspapers, can you imagine such plays being successful? 'The Witching Hour' came at a time when people were perfectly familiar with the ideas it exploited, while plays just as good have gone to the wall because people do not care for unfamiliar ideas in the theatre. The stage is not the place for propounding new theories; it is, I should say, the place for explanation and visualization of ideas already familiar. And also, for entertainment always, of one kind or another," he added, as a wave of laughter from the audience came through the open door of the dressing-room.

A moment later Mr. Emerson, in his cleverly conceived make-up, was listening to a scene from the wings—alert and watchful in his triple capacity of author, actor and director. An impression of nervous energy, of active mentality and well-developed, well-controlled imagination, is always present, together with what one of his fellow-workers described as a certain "sweet reasonableness" of disposition.

"And you might add, please," Mr. Emerson whispered, with a twinkle in his eyes, as he prepared to make his entrance, "that I am probably unique among playwrights and actors and directors to-day in *not* wishing to have a theatre named after me or to build one of my own!" ANNE PEACOCK.

Sarony
FRANCES REEVES
Recently seen as Lady Cudworth in "Disraeli"

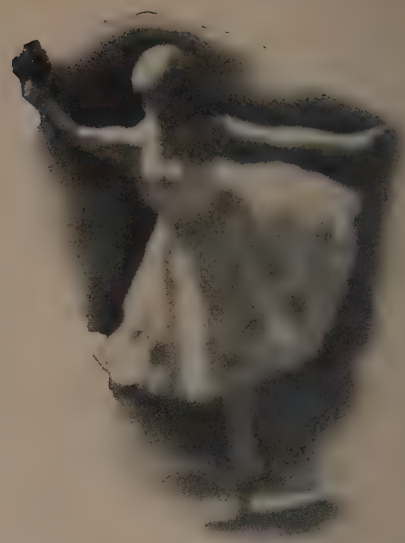
White
ANN SWINBURNE
Appearing in "The Count of Luxembourg"

FRIEDA HEMPEL, THE NEW COLORATURA SOPRANO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Fräulein Hempel was born in Leipsic, Germany, in 1886. From her earliest childhood she gave remarkable promise as a singer. At twenty she made her début at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Later she was heard all over Europe in the leading rôles of the operatic repertoire. She was first heard in New York, on December 27th last, as Marguerite de Valois in "The Huguenots"

The Dancer

Illustrated by Mlle. Lydia Lopoukowa

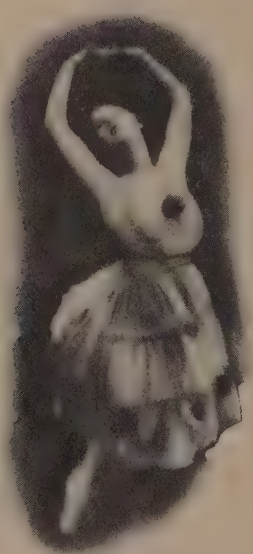


Listen to the dreamy music
With its rhythmic rise and fall,
With its strange seductive beating
Like an oft-repeated call;
Can you hear it and resist it—
Does it not your heart enthrall?

When I hear it thus entreating,
It is like a magic spell
Binding fast my helpless spirit
In a way I cannot tell,
Though it often sounds within me
Like a solemn-tolling bell.

And I feel my body yielding,
Bending, swaying, like a flower
That doth answer to the breezes
Or a gently falling shower,
Rhythmically moving, swaying,
As though urged by secret power.

Light my feet are as a thistle
Scarcely touching the dull ground
As in time to the soft beating
Of the music, round and round
In a strange and mystic figure,
They are circling without sound.



Steadily the rhythm quickens,
And responsive to the note
Faster sways my supple body,
Pliant grace from foot to throat,
Dancing lightly as a flower
On some eddy set afloat;

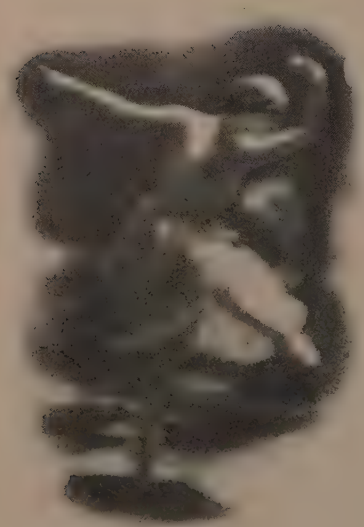
While my senses, unresisting,
Yield to languorous delight,
Knowing naught but joy and movement
And the magic of the night,
Hearing naught but throbbing music
Urging on to wilder flight.

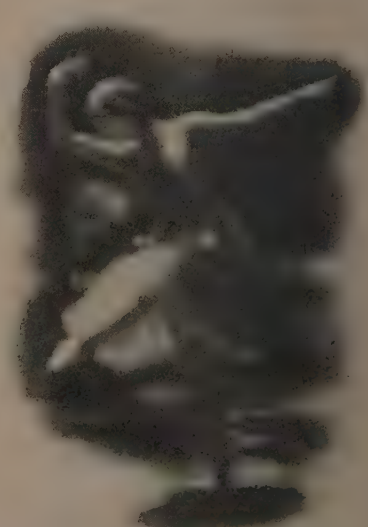
Keeping time to the mad measure
Swifter fly my sandaled feet,
While around me, coiling, twisting,
Like a thing with life replete,
Curves my veil of spangled silver
Shimmering as with desert heat.

Bending, swaying, backward, forward,
Turning in a giddy maze,
Round and round in swifter circles
Whirling, twirling, in a daze,
Faster, faster, madly spinning
To the music's madder phrase.

On in frenzied exultation—
With my brain and heart on fire,
Nothing thinking, nothing wishing,
Save with limbs that never tire,
Thus to dance and dance forever
In a passion of desire!

DEAN CARRA.





Photos by Conklin, Chicago

Graham Photo Co.
The garrison at San Diego hailing the return of Don Gaspar de Portola from Monterey

California's Mission Theatre

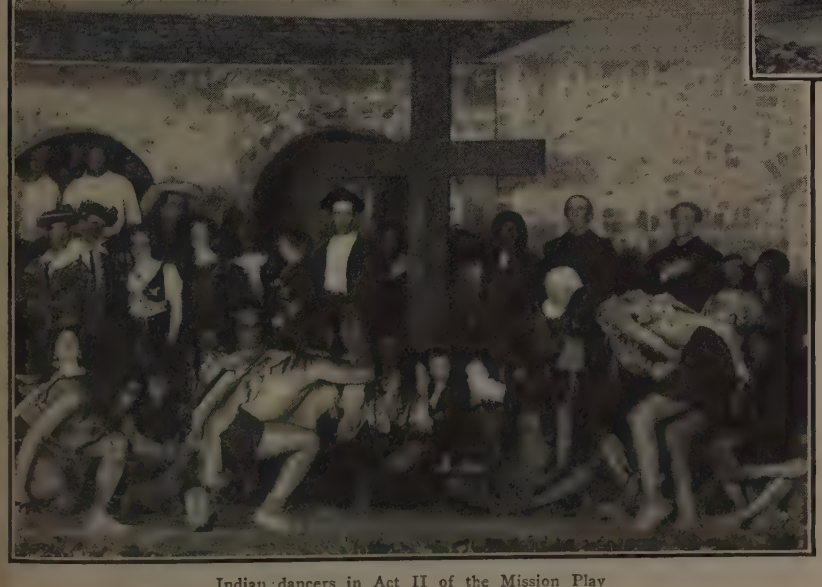
THE second season of California's "Mission Play" at San Gabriel, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, has proved a success beyond all expectations, and judging by the crowds that have flocked from all parts of the State to this unique theatre, Frank A. Miller, of Riverside, and those who have aided him in its presentation, have devised a spectacle that will endure year after year and eventually be to California what the Passion Play is to Oberammergau.

For several years, Santa Barbara, Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea have attracted tremendous crowds of sightseers with their historical street pageants, glorifying the picturesque early mission days of California. But it remained for wide-awake Los Angeles to build a real Mission Theatre and to find a poet and historian who could write an impressive "Mission Play" that presented not only a brilliant spectacle but at the same time told an interesting, a gripping story. John Steven McGroarty is the author and his play is divided into three parts—first, the dream of colonization, early pioneer struggles, hardships and disappointments; second, realization of the dream, dominance of Spanish rule, the missions' ascendency, conversion of the Indians, gay social life of Monterey and third, the dream broken, missions forsaken, and last of the early Franciscan Padres.

So successful, in fact, was the first production last April that it was decided to give Mr. McGroarty's pageant drama annually. It will be presented during several months each year, when the tourist season is at its height and is likely to continue a big attraction, for the beautiful stage pictures will give the stranger to our shores a better idea of the powerful faith, the privations, the struggles, the sacrifices, the hopes and the aspirations of the early Franciscan Fathers than if he reads a dozen of the books about the missions that are for sale in every book store and hotel.

The first baptism in California of an Indian child

Indian War Dance on the shores of San Diego Bay



Indian dancers in Act II of the Mission Play

The unique playhouse in which this pageant is presented is designed on the architectural lines of the old Spanish missions and stands across the street from the Mission San Gabriel, which was built in 1771. About the walls of the theatre are crude decorations, such as the Indians designed under the instruction of the Franciscan Fathers. The rafters are wound with rope, and antique ornaments and books given an air of historic reality. The lighting is by great chapel candles and crude iron lanterns. The windows are of stained glass. The Mission Theatre will do more to acquaint the world with the life work of the Franciscan Padres than all the mute ruins scattered through the State.

H. F. Stoll.

Robert Hilliard—a Versatile Actor

ROBERT HILLIARD, sauve, polished, yet striking always the truly manly note, is proof that amateur experience cannot ruin a good actor. Mr. Hilliard served as long in amateur art as Jacob toiled for the lovely maiden he met at the well. The amazing fact is that he waxed a strong player of manly types despite so inauspicious a beginning.

Wall Street was his vocation, the drawing-room stage his avocation. After he had been graduated from Bishop's College, in Lenoxville, Canada, and New York College, he went into brokerage, believing it was his mission to cause tremors of excitement on the neurotic highway. But he reckoned without that interfering muse, Thespis; also without those attractive girls in Brooklyn's exclusive set who, whenever they descried Hilliard's shapely head so well set on magnificent shoulders, and the figure that conformed to the classic wedge of manly beauty, said: "Wouldn't he look just splendid as the hero at our next benefit?"

Mr. Hilliard, ever a ladies' man, to whom a smile was as powerful as a gatling gun, yielded at every siege. For seven years he was a star in the amateur clubs of Brooklyn society. Associate stars were Edith Kingdon, who became Mrs. George Gould, Elita Proctor Otis and Percy G. Williams.

But there was an amateur experience that antedated even that brilliant period. His first appearance was the occasion of the joint début of sweet little Marie Hubert and himself, in a one-act play written by Miss Hubert's father and acted before admiring friends and relatives in the parent's drawing room. The male and female stars fell madly in love with each other and openly declared their intention to marry and go upon the professional stage. Alas, for the insecurity of human hopes! The architect playwright, Philip Hubert, is dead. The female star married another. She is now Mrs. Gustave Frohman. Elderly counsels prevailed. The amateur Romeo and Juliet parted in tears. Neither of them was yet ten years of age.

ROBERT HILLIARD AND HIS DOG, "MR. VON BIBBER"

His plans for a broker's career were made, I have said, without reckoning with the prettiest girls of Brooklyn. But there was one older, more world-taught, a little sad, a woman with marvellous eyes and voice, who cast the die of his future. At a Sunday afternoon reception the young man saw a majestic figure clad in a loose, long gown enter the room and move across it with the majesty of an empress.

"Matilda Herron," whispered one of those who always know.

The young man was presented, and she looked at him with her moving eyes and said in her unforgettable voice: "If you had curls on your forehead I would love you."

"I might use curling irons," suggested the youth.

"Don't be frivolous, young man," she rebuked. "You look like John Wilkes Booth. I carry his picture in my bosom and when he died they found my picture over his heart. We will never talk of it again but come to see me. You should go upon the stage."

Thus it was that an accident of resemblance secured for Robert Hilliard an ideal training. For four years the great actress set before him her own splendid ideals, imbued him with her masterful technique. Never was young actor better schooled. In this the critics who witnessed his professional début in "False Shame" at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn, a playhouse which, by the way, he built and owned in consequence of success in his vocation as great as that in his avocation.

New York saw him first at the Standard Theatre, whose site is now occupied by a department store. The play was "A Daughter of Ireland." His part was Richard Sweeney. Georgia Cayvan, fascinating and ill-fated, played the title rôle. Charles Frohman was his manager, and a small, quiet-mannered man, whose black curls framed a pale face from which shone deep, dark eyes, a man who looked like a poet, was the stage manager. Fame afterward named him in her roll call. It was David Belasco. The year was 1886.

Soon he became leading man for Mrs. Langtry, then in the bloom of her first popularity and playing in the most fashionable of the city's theatres, the Fifth Avenue.

Successively he created the leading rôles Mr. Barnes in "Mr. Barnes of New York," Perry Bascom in "Blue Jeans," Gen. Delaroche in "Paul Kavour," Johan in "The Pillars of Society," Victor Stanton in "The White Squadron." He created leading parts in "Elaine," "The Golden Giant," "A Possible Case," "Lara," "Across the Potomac," "Captain Paul," and in his own drama "Adrift." Jointly he starred with Paul Arthur in "The Nominee" and "The Sleep Walker." To London he went with his virile impersonation of Mr. Van Bibber in "The Littlest Girl," of which he gave in this country and in England more than 500 performances. He was the star of "The Mummy" and "A New Yorker," and his vogue reached its zenith when as the Earl of Woodstock he knocked out the professional boxer in the club scene of the Drury Lane melodrama "Sporting Life." As Jim Bludso, based upon Secretary of State Hay's Pike County Ballads, in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "That Man and I" and "Wheels within Wheels," and as the original express robber in the Belasco play, "The Girl of the Golden West," he was continuously active.

As a pioneer he made a successful excursion into the land of vaudeville, appearing in his own dramatization of "The Littlest Girl," in "As a Man Sows," "The Man Who Won the Pool," and "973," a sketch of a convict character. Four years ago he produced in New York "A Fool There Was," founded upon Kipling's poem of that title. He was the co-author of the play, which gave him the opportunity for the fulfilment of his ambition, for in it he played three distinct phases of one man, running the gamut of acting possibilities. He gave 1,200 performances of the drama, playing it from coast to coast. Followed "The Avalanche," originally known as "The River of Chance and Change."

This season he has established his claim, "A detective can be a gentleman" in the play "The Argyle Case," rehearsed under the supervision of the famous gentleman sleuth, William J. Burns.

More than a quarter of a century of varied experience, largely successful, has left Mr. Hilliard as much in love with the stage as in his first year of boyish exuberance at its novel charm. A. P.

Photos White

1. Georgia O'Ramey in "The Switchboard." 2. Holbrook Blinn in "Fear." 3. Fanny Hartz, Holbrook Blinn and Willette Kershaw in "Fancy Free." 4. Willette Kershaw as the outcast in "Any Night." 5. Frances Larrimore, Edward Ellis Harrison Ford, Willette Kershaw and John Stokes in "Any Night"

SCENES IN THE FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS PRESENTED AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

A new theatre was recently dedicated, in West 39th St., New York, to the production of one-act plays. The auditorium is very small, seating less than three hundred, and the plays are of a nature to appeal to adults only

Photos Apeda

Rudolf's arrival at Ruritania

The King ignores his ministers

SCENES IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

Leading Managers Join "The Movies"

White
MARC KLAW
Of Klaw and Erlanger, who are about to enter the moving picture field

THE popularity of the moving picture as a form of public amusement, far from being on the wane, is increasing by feverish leaps and bounds. Each day the cinematograph enterprises grow in importance and attract more capital. According to figures given to the Chicago correspondent of the New York *Times* by Alvin B. Giles, treasurer of a Western Motion Picture concern, the growth of the business in the last few years has been simply phenomenal. He says:

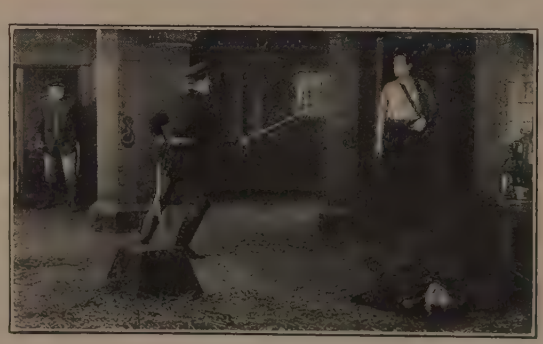
"At the present time the American people are spending $500,000 daily on motion picture shows. Every day in the United States more than 5,000,000 persons go to see moving picture shows, and on an average each person usually stays an hour. There are at least 20,000 of these moving picture-show houses in the United States, and the number increases at the rate of thirty to seventy a week. There are in the United States 500,000 persons engaged directly or indirectly in the moving picture business, which represents an investment of $200,000,000."

Rudolf going to his coronation as King

Rudolf witnesses Rupert's escape from Antoinette's room after the murder of Duke Mickael

No thoughtful observer can deny the fact that "the movies" have come to be a tremendous factor, either for good or evil, in the mental development of the rising generation. Their popularity is easily explained. It is a cheap form of entertainment. It appeals to every purse. It requires no great tax on the mental powers. Are these pictures an influence for good? That is another question which only time can answer. Some critics think that unless the standard of the pictures is raised public taste, never very high with us, will sink to a still lower level. That all the moving pictures thrown on the screen in the average cinematograph auditorium are a force for good, few will pretend. Many of the "plays" pictured are childish. Usually they are either lurid melodrama of the dime-novel order or so-called "comedies," so inept as to make one weep. The acting is often crude and exaggerated, the grouping clumsily managed, the stage setting in execrable taste. How different the better films, with their admirable acting and grouping, careful and correct costuming, remarkable *mise-en-scène*, and above all their coherent interesting story! Some excellent films are made in this country, and capable players pose for them, but apparently there are not enough of them to go round for we see them all too seldom. The pictures that have real educational value, those showing various phases of the world's every-day life—canal building, arctic climbing, hunting in the jungle, troops on the march, breaking bronchos on the plains, yacht and automobile races, etc.—these are not only of great interest, but are instructive as well. If more of this sort of picture could be shown to offset the pernicious effect of the silly, immoral pictures the future of "the movies" as a new form of public amusement would be more hopeful. A move in the right direction has been made by some of the leading theatrical producers, who, realizing that the moving picture constitutes a growing menace to their interests, have taken the bull by the horns and invaded the field as a formidable rival. The Famous Players Company, headed by Daniel Frohman, is already in the field with its films of famous plays, and now Klaw and Erlanger announce their intention of entering the business on a big scale, producing films made from their successful plays. By means of these feature films, made in a huge studio specially built for that purpose, attractions will be furnished for the many theatres throughout the Klaw and Erlanger and Shubert circuits. The organization will be known as the Protective Amusement Company and will include Al. Woods and others. It is the purpose to release two plays per week, and service will be ready by the first Monday in September next, as by that time over one hundred plays will

Copy't Alfred Ellis & Walery
DANIEL FROHMAN
Managing Director of the Famous Players Film Co.



Rudolf seeking the King at Zenda

White

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

This well-known actress will be seen, beginning in the fall, in a repertoire of classic and standard comedies, including "The School for Scandal," "Madame Sans Gêne," "As You Like It," "Trilby," etc.

have been made up and ready for shipment, thus insuring a change of bill twice a week and a continuous service of one year.

The moving-picture play, when presented with the same care and given the same artistic staging, and with players of equal merit enacting the various episodes that go to make the drama, is in a sense more effective than the same play produced on the stage in the ordinary way. For, whereas in the regular stage play connecting episodes are merely hinted at and referred to offhand in the course of the dialogue, in the same carefully-produced moving-picture play all these essential parts that help to make the main story are shown as actually happening, and the audience sees every link in the drama chain becoming a living part of the play—an actual onlooker of every scene in the drama. The play thus becomes more real.

It is hard to believe this if you are not a "movie" fan. It was hard for this writer to see it at first. But after witnessing the Famous Players' Film Company's elaborate production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett as the Red Elphberg—which is the first big production of this concern—he was convinced.

Daniel Frohman, who made the original production of "The Prisoner of Zenda," with E. H. Sothern, in the old Lyceum Theatre on September 4, 1895, and revived the piece on February 10, 1896, with James K. Hackett in the title rôle, has himself produced the play for the moving-picture screen. He says that this screen revival is far superior to the original production, and who ought to know better? Mr. Hackett is equally enthusiastic over it. Why not, when he knows that long after he has shuffled off this mortal coil he still will continue to be seen as an actor by countless millions throughout the ages, instead of, as formerly has been the case with great dramatic stars, merely to twinkle in the faded memories of but a few soon to follow into the great Beyond, or to rest impassively in cold, gray type and print in book pages? Truly, the moving picture is the living chronicle of the stage.

Scene in a moving picture made by the Eclair Company, Fort Lee, N. Y., showing the hero reading his favorite publication, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

It would seem that every great thing in the world comes of a dream. Inventors dream their discoveries, musicians dream their compositions, painters their pictures, and so on. Two years ago, Adolph Zukor, who had been in the moving-picture business but a very short time, dreamed of producing on the screen big dramatic successes, enacted by players of the highest rank. To others it was but the wildest of dreams. But this enterprising newcomer, who almost overnight had risen from the very bottom form of amusement enterprise to a position of wealth and power, felt differently. He had seen the people—the great army of "common people"—nibbling at the "movies" as eagerly as a fish seizing bait. He had been so close to the people that he knew what kind of bait to give them. Only eight years ago Marcus Loew, the "'Movie' King," induced Mr. Zukor to abandon a furrier's shop in East Fourteenth Street to buy an interest in a penny arcade around the corner in Third Avenue. Together, they soon acquired a string of penny arcades, and the coppers came in so fast that they became more ambitious amusement purveyors, and started small moving-picture shows. Before they knew it they were millionaires.

Not until he related his plan to Daniel Frohman did Mr. Zukor see its realization begin to take shape. Mr. Frohman, a manager of wide experience, at once recognized the possibilities of the idea and then was formed the Famous Players Film Company, which was duly incorporated in March, 1912, with Mr. Zukor as president; Mr. Frohman as managing director; and Edwin S. Porter, long associated with Thomas A. Edison in the making of moving pictures, as technical director.

Mr. Porter was the first man to tell a complete story with moving pictures. That was in 1900, when he made the film of "The Life of the American Fireman" for the Edison people. This original story-telling moving-picture reel began with the fireman's home, where he was seen kissing his wife and baby good-by. Then, successively the pictures showed his arrival at the firehouse, sitting at the chief's desk later at night, dozing off and having a vision of his wife and child, the child saying her prayers at the bedside; the fireman awakens and there is a shift to the bedroom, showing the mother putting the child to bed; shift, lamp upset; shift, fire-alarm box pulled at the street corner; shift, inside the firehouse, showing the firemen sliding down the poles and hitching the horses; shift to bedroom, mother unconscious from smoke; shift, fire engines tearing through the street; shift, arrival at chief's own home; putting ladder up with the rescue of wife, and then the child. This was the first complete story told in moving pictures, just thirteen years ago. Mr. Porter followed it with "The Train Robbery" and "The Life of a Cowboy," each telling a complete story.

The first pictures to be made by the Famous Players' Film Company were those of Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," which were shown on the screen last June. These were made in the Eclipse Studio, in Paris, last May, while the "Divine Sarah" was playing the piece in her theatre. For posing for this picture Bernhardt received $20 000. The next films to be made were those of James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo." Then came the pictures of James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Whereas there were five scenes in the original "Prisoner of Zenda" play, in the moving pictures there are 103 scenes, with twenty-eight separate interior stage settings, and twenty-three separate exterior settings. These scenes include ten of the largest settings ever used in an indoor motion-picture studio, such as the Cathedral, showing the Coronation, with 250 persons in the scene; a German street scene, showing the Coronation parade with 300 persons; the court in front of the Cathedral, showing parade, with 200 persons; ballroom at the Coronation, having 150 persons in it; the exterior of the castle, showing a moat filled with water, over which hangs a drawbridge; and the interior of the great hall of the castle, showing wonderful depth. No stage production, not even the great

(*Continued on page vii*)

Mascagni's Opera "Parisina"

THE drama "Parisina," written by Gabriele d'Annunzio last year, has been set to music by Mascagni, and will be seen next autumn, probably at the Scala in Milan. Speaking of this work, Mascagni recently expressed his satisfaction that the whole drama was given into his hands complete, so that on beginning to compose the music the idea of the author in its integrity lay before him. This, he declared, had occurred only once before. "Radcliffe," also, was finished when he began to write the music. As a rule, authors give an incomplete work or one that they alter from time to time. The enormous advantage of the first method is obvious, but every poet has not the genius of a d'Annunzio nor the fecundity which presents new work to him as soon as or even before he has finished one.

The tragic story of Parisina is known to English readers by Byron's poem, written in 1816, founded on Frizzi's account in his history of Ferrara and on the curt notice of Gibbon in "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick," and which he concludes in these words, referring to the execution of Parisina and her stepson by order of their respective husband and father: "He was unfortunate, if they were guilty; if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate, nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve that last act of the justice of a parent."

Byron gives a very meagre outline of the pitiful story while d'Annunzio relates in full the whole history, elaborating it with poetic license.

Parisina lived in the first half of the fifteenth century and was of that noble house of Malatesta to which had also belonged the ill-fated Francesca of Rimini, immortalized by Dante. The family, once rich and powerful, had fallen on evil days and Parisina's brothers had become freebooters in France. When Nicholas III (the Arzo of Byron), Lord of Ferrara and Marquis d'Este, asked for their sister's hand, on the death of his first wife, they hastened gladly to grant his request. Parisina went an unwilling and unloving bride to her husband's arms. He was a typical petty sovereign of the period. A humanist, a cultivated man of letters, generous and suspicious, lascivious and cruel, Parisina, so legend tells us, was of unusual beauty. Golden hair, blue eyes fringed with long black lashes, crowned a form of unusual development and elegance.

Nicholas had a son, Hugo, by a former mistress to whom he was passionately attached, and it piqued his self-love and fatherly pride to see that Parisina took the popular attitude of dislike toward a stepson, not perhaps to be wondered at considering the circumstances of his birth.

She was to go on a journey to Loreto, and Nicholas, in the hope, as some think, that propinquity might be successful in bringing his wife and son together, or to verify suspicions recently formed, as others imagine, sent Hugo and a number of armed followers as a part of her train. This is the second act of d'Annunzio's tragedy. The scene represents the primitive Sanctuary with its statue of the Virgin in black cedar wood. In the background, a wood of wild laurels and the Adriatic. This act is full of heroic action, for the poet depicts the assault of the Schiavoni on the Sanctuary, and this war-like scene is followed by a duet between Hugo, who has been wounded, and Parisina, the pair by this time having become lovers. This duet is of sublime beauty.

On their return to Ferrara, Zooes, a servant and spy of Nicholas, who has been in the confidence of one of Parisina's maidens, determined to make sure of the suspicions he had formed before reporting them to his master.

To effect this he made an opening in the ceiling above the matrimonial chamber of his mistress and had ocular proof of the truth of his doubts. When Nicholas heard the story he resolved to have personal certainty, and concealing himself behind a curtain, caught the guilty pair *in flagrante delicto*. His rage at his wife's infidelity and his son's treachery was terrible. They were instantly arrested and with them a gentleman and lady of the court, Aldobrandino Rangoni and Madama Violante, as well as two of Parisina's maidens, as being accessory to the crime. This was on May 18. The trial began immediately. Ferrara was divided in its opinion. Of the two parties, the most numerous condemned the accused, the others tried to find excuses. The lovers were sentenced to death as was Messer Rangoni, who strenuously defended them, but Madonna Violante and the two maids were liberated.

On May 21, only three days after the discovery, they were led out to die. Hugo was beheaded first and then came the turn of Parisina. By Nicholas' express orders the latter was led to her doom by Zooes, the informer, as he wished to satiate his vengeance by a detailed account of her terrors and sufferings. Blindfolded and clad in her gala robes she stumbled along, not knowing what was to be the manner of her death. Tremblingly she asked if she were to be thrown into the deep well in the castle of sinister renown as the tomb of many before her. When she was told that she was to be decapitated and learned that

Moffett

JOSEPHINE BROWN
Recently seen as Lady Emsworth in "The Woman of It"

Theodor Rocholl as the King's son. Ernest Benzinger as the Robber Count (left centre)

Florence Winston as the Nun. Josef Klein as the King (right centre)

Madame Carmi as the Madonna

CHARACTERS IN "THE MIRACLE," RECENTLY AT THE PARK THEATRE

Hugo had already suffered the same penalty, she cried: "Now it matters not to me to die."

Her advent at the place of execution was made known to her when Zooes came to a standstill and she heard the murmur of the assembled crowd. With her own hands she removed her jewels and handed them to the servant. Then in a voice of mingled sweetness and firmness she said: "Support me now, Zooes, to the scaffold, for I, being blindfold, cannot see." The priest approached, to whom she made a short confession, and then the executioner drew near to bind her hands behind her back. As he seized one she knew the last moment had come, and raising the other she made a sign of farewell to the people, thus with noble resignation taking leave of her subjects and of life. The bodies of Parisina, Hugo and Rangoni were buried in the cemetery of a convent.

The unhappy father forgot to demand particulars of his wife's sufferings and asked only about his son. In a paroxysm of raging grief he tore wildly about the palace, calling on Hugo with sobs and cries. Later on he wrote an account of the executions and sent it to various states, hoping thus to vindicate his action. Also he decreed the deaths of several women, unfaithful to their husbands, and had them executed. A curious proceeding on the part of a man of his notoriety as the seducer of many wives. This is necessarily a prosaic and short account of the great tragedy.

Mascagni was so impressed by the grandeur and beauty of d'Annunzio's rendering that he confessed he began in great trepidation to put it to music. He has worked at it for months in his lovely villa in the so-called new quarter of Rome, but it is a site hallowed by the memory of Sallust and other great Romans who lived and wrote on the same spot long centuries ago. Many besides the master think that the choruses sung by the peasants in the second act will be one of the most effective parts of the opera. D'Annunzio has introduced there many excerpts from the Church liturgy, such as the Regina Cœli, the Salve Regina, the Ave Maria Stella, the Litany of Loreto. These, after much consideration and advice from a clerical friend and musician he is proposing to set to music on Gregorian lines, to the ancient melodies used for hundreds of years to the same words.

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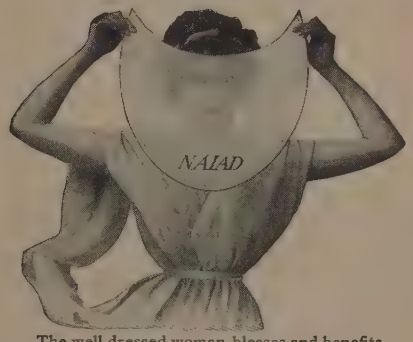

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Handling Humanity in the Mass

(*Continued from page* 147)

They next memorize the words, then the music, and last I 'routine' the steps and movements of all the numbers. There are usually twenty-four in a production."

"What is the last finishing touch at the rehearsal before the opening?"

"I make them a little speech. I say to them: 'Forget anything unpleasant that has happened. I have been cross sometimes, but forget that. Feel happy, be happy, and do your best. That's all anyone can do.' After giving them that little jolly I stand in the wing and they all smile and shake my hand. The right feeling is established for an enthusiastic first night."

"How long do you rehearse a chorus?"

"Two hours in the morning. Three in the afternoon, and three at night. For five weeks." Verily the life of a chorus girl is not one of ease.

The King of the chorus, it was designed by his father, who was a manufacturer of Pittsburgh and afterwards of Atlanta, to become himself a manufacturer. He was made secretary of the company, but in the panic of '93 the failure overtook the firm. He left the works and became an assistant manager of a hotel in Chicago. That he decided after a month's trial was worse than sitting pen in hand counting profits. He went to that departed saint of the yearning and undiscovered, Col. John Hopkins, and said: "I have been connected with amateur clubs and been managing entertainments in them for years. I want to try a little professional entertaining."

"What can you do?"

"I can play the piano, sing and dance. But the best thing I do is ragtime."

"What's that?" asked the big Colonel.

He explained "syncopated music."

"Don't think they'd like it," said the Colonel. "But you can try it on 'em Sunday night."

Billed as "Ned Wayburn, the Greatest of Amateur Entertainers, with a long list of his clubs following," he made his début at Col. Hopkins's theatre. He played Mendelssohn's Wedding March as it was written, then syncopated it. With a piece of paper under his feet at the piano, tapping the paper as he played, he explained the fragmentary music of the dark-faced natives of the South. The novelty won. The young man was engaged at twenty-five dollars a week to continue his exposition of ragtime. Soon his salary reached one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Whereupon he, with the intrepidity of youth, he came to conquer New York. It all but conquered him. A dragging spring of inaction and emptying pockets and a friend, now the treasurer of a Broadway Theatre, a fellow victim of a cheap theatrical boarding house said: "I know May Irwin a little. I'll ask her to hear you play."

They went to the hotel, found the sunny haired comedienne dining with her sons, lured her from the table and a half finished dinner, by the siren notes from the South. Ned Wayburn played for hours, played until his repertoire of Southern songs was exhausted. The next night, at the Bijou, she sang one of the songs, *Syncopated Sammy*. Ned Wayburn accompanying her at the piano because the orchestra refused to play "such balderdash." That night ragtime became the fashion in the metropolis.

Mr. Wayburn remained with Miss Irwin for a season, placed the Minstrel Misses on the New York Roof one season, "The Rain Dears" the next. Was stage director for Klaw & Erlanger for five years, served in the same capacity for the Shuberts for a similar time. Eventually he will take a theatre of his own, where we will see Wayburnian dances and hear Wayburnian songs, enjoy Wayburnian productions, owned as well as directed by Ned Wayburn.

MARY MORGAN.

Ethel Charlotte Mantell, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Robert B. Mantell, the Shakespearean actor, has made her professional début on the stage, and, singularly enough, she appeared in the same theatre where her father made his first American appearance. Mr. Mantell came to this country in 1878, and was seen on the American stage for the first time when he appeared in support of Mme. Modjeska at the old Leland Opera House in Albany, N. Y.

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THE MOVIES

(*Continued from page* 158)

spectacles that have been put on the stage in the last few years has more substantial settings and is made with more care as to mounting and scenic effects. Many thousands of dollars were spent on a scene to be used only ten minutes, the time it required to arrange and take the picture! After that the setting is never used again, as in the case of a stage drama, and yet it is even more solidly and expensively made. It required five weeks to produce "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the screen. During this time before one picture was taken—just a small part of a single scene—it sometimes was rehearsed for two hours. Every picture was posed over and over again from seven to twenty-five times before it finally was taken.

The actors do not have to learn any lines, but are told the story-action of each scene. Their part is to act. In Mr. Hackett's support in the film production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" were Minna Gale Haynes as Antoinette de Mauban, Walter Hale as Rupert of Hentzau, Frazer Coulter as Colonel Sapt, David Torrence as Black Michael, Beatrice Beckley as Princess Flavia, William Randall as Fritz von Torlenheim, Frank Shannon as Detchard, and seventy-five other characters. For "supers" they had equally as famous society folk. A number of young society women, friends of Mr. Frohman, thought it would be fun to appear as supers, so as later to be able to see themselves on the screen. Of course, only their friends and those who know them well recognize them, and so long as Mr. Frohman promised to keep silent as to their names they did not care. Certainly no production ever was made on the stage with such an array of supers. There were a number of society beaux, too, Among the men who acted as supers were Evart Jansen Wendell, who also played a small part in one picture, and Frank E. Richards, the architect. These society folk all appeared in the scene of the Coronation Ball.

The next production to be made is Ethel Barrymore in one of her greatest successes. Then will follow productions of William Faversham and Julie Opp in "Julius Cæsar," and of Blanche Bates, Mrs. Lily Langtry, Henry E. Dixey, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Fiske, and many others in their greatest successes. W. P. D.

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DAMAGED GOODS

(*Continued from page* 134)

The men looked at each other quizzically and understood.

"Dick, you may have the theatre."

They shook hands. The younger's eyes were more in evidence than his jaw at the moment. The elder read their message. When the younger walked out with firm tread and without a word there was no need of the word.

Through the medical journal's offices it was arranged that only persons who joined a medical society and proved themselves of age and nature sedate enough for thoughtful auditors should be permitted to witness the production.

The battle was won? Not at all. There remained the actors. "Twenty-five actors ran out on me," said the actor-manager. "They were game enough, but their friends said: 'If you identify yourselves with this play you will never be engaged in a reputable theatre again.'"

When every other part was filled there remained that which by conventional standards was the worst. Mrs. Bennett, who had fought at her husband's shoulder under the standard of the play for two years, said: "I will play it."

On the afternoon when the play was first presented as many persons walked disappointedly away as entered the theatre, and its walls bulged with auditors. There was a second performance under the same circumstances. A third occurred in Washington, a fourth in New York. Later it was put on for a run at the Fulton Theatre, and the box office was literally besieged, the house having been packed at every performance ever since.

"I have the rights to produce it in this country for a year," said the man who won. "I intend to play it in every large city in this country."

That is the reason you would better pause before you say that actors are persons of light purpose, and the reason why I admire Richard Bennett's jaw. M. M.

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It makes an attractive addition to your library table, and is a source of much interest and entertainment not only to yourself but to your friends.

Only a limited number of these sets have been made up this year, owing to the enormous sales on each issue, which left comparatively few reserve copies.

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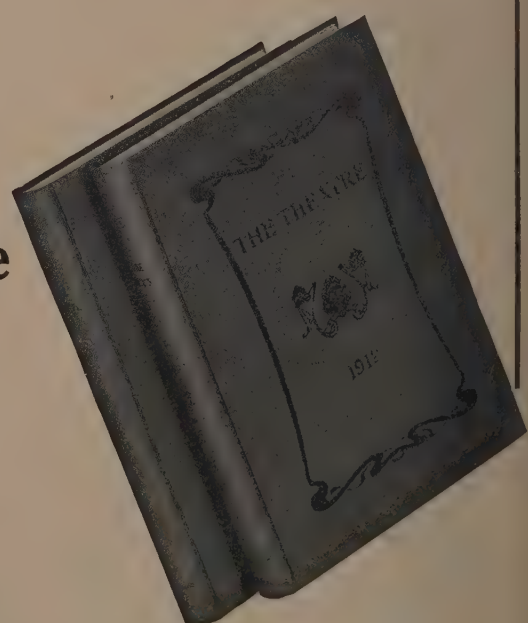

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Giannino Antona-Traversi

(*Continued from page* 138)

climbers of the bourgeoisie, and against those aristocrats who mingle with them for the sake of their money.

In 1900 his play, "The Friend," found great favor in Turin, less on account of its subject, which rather lacked originality—the argument being that a close friendship between a man and a woman is a dangerous and impossible thing—but on account of its exquisite deftness of treatment.

Three years later the public was given another one of those good-naturedly satirical comedies in the writing of which Giannino Antona-Traversi had come to excel, "The Happiest Days." He professes that they should be those between betrothal and marriage, and shows easily, how thoughtlessly they are spoiled by the tyranny of customs and etiquette.

Other excellent plays soon followed: "The Faithfulness of Husbands"; "The Honeymoon Trip," which was produced at the Burg Theatre in Vienna; "Worldly Charity"; "An Honest Wife"; "The Martyrs of Work," a masterful satire on society people whose manifold and complex social duties leave them too exhausted to accomplish anything else; and, more recently, "The Mother," which has been thought by many critics his best work.

Aside from the approval of the public at large, Giannino Antona-Traversi won prizes for most all of his plays in national contests, and next season we shall be able to see for ourselves how well he deserved them.

In all his works tact, good taste and elegance of style predominate. He knows his abilities as well as his limitations, and he never attempts anything he cannot do. He himself once said: "I try to remain within the traditions of true, Italian comedy. They demand an ingenious, piquant, delicate, wholesome theme, and that it be treated with calmly and judiciously in such a way as to leave in one's heart a fragrant perfume of all that is joyous, fresh and intimate in life."

Men and women whose minds are cultured and sensibilities acute are sure to appreciate Giannino Antona-Traversi.

FRANCES C. FAY.

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Victor Records

An air from Puccini's "Manon," Enrico Caruso. In Italian.

This early Puccini opera was first performed in America by a struggling opera company in 1898, but the performance was so wholly bad that it is scarcely worth mentioning. The real New York premier was, of course, the Metropolitan production in 1907, when Puccini himself was present, with Caruso and Farrar in the cast.

Caruso's Second Sacred Number—Agnus Dei, Bizet.

The First Farrar-Clement Duet—Romeo and Juliet, *Ange Adorable,* Gounod.

A Vocal Waltz by Tetrazzini—Grande Valse, Op. 10, Venzano.

This brilliant waltz, displacing the usual Carnival of Venice, was recently introduced by the diva in the "Lesson Scene of Barber of Seville," and made the success of the opera.

A New Cottenet Song by Gluck—Red, Red Rose, Cottenet.

A charming new setting of Burns' immortal poem, by R. L. Cottenet, whose lovely "Meditation," played by Kreisler, was such a success during March and April.

An English Ballad by McCormack—Within the Garden of My Heart, Roberts-Scott.

Mr. McCormack's contribution to the May list is a pleasing English song, which he sings with his usual exquisite tone quality and good enunciation. Advt.

What the Stage Needs

"The American stage stands in need of American actors. They are scarce. Actresses are plentiful. But when I want men for men's rôles I can't find them. If I send out a call for players I hear from and see a hundred actresses; I hear from and see twenty actors. From the former applicants I can pick, maybe, sixty possibilities; among the men I'm not likely to find one that will do."—W. A. BRADY.

He—I think I'll go and get a drink now.

She—But, darling, you know you swore off for a year.

He—Yes; but two years elapse between this act and the next!—*The Club-Fellow.*

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If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

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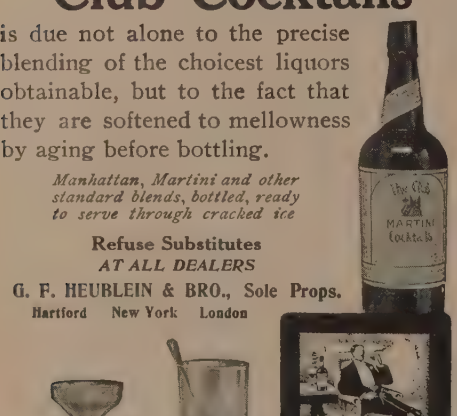

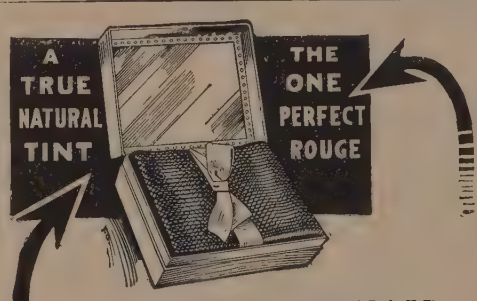

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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 142)

was the chorus, for such choral singing has never before been heard at the Metropolitan. Under the guidance of Giulio Setti, this chorus simply astounded its hearers—particularly in the revolt scene. It was a triumph of chorus singing.

And what shall be said of Arturo Toscanini, the little wizard who wielded the baton. He charged every moment of this wonderful, exotic, if fragmentary work with that overwhelming spirit of compelling artistic greatness so that it seems out of place to apply to his work the conventional terms of praise usually accorded an operatic conductor. He inspired orchestra, chorus and soloists until the performance of "Boris Godunoff" at the Metropolitan is worthy of an artistic pilgrimage to see and hear.

Another item of importance during the final month of opera was the revival of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," conducted by Toscanini, who made this simple, old-fashioned and generally slighted opera sound like some bit of Italian chamber music. Here again the chorus distinguished itself by its work, singing as never before were choruses at the Metropolitan. Bori achieved new honors as Norina, although she forced her high notes until beauty left them, and Macnez, as Ernesto, was scarcely satisfying. Scotti, as Malatesta, was superb, and Pini-Corsi was vastly amusing in the title rôle.

Another operatic revival of the month was "Rigoletto," presented with entirely new scenery, Gilda being well sung by Frieda Hempel, while Gilly in the title rôle was excellent. Macnez sang the Duke very well.

The new German tenor, Urlus, has added to his artistic stature by his remarkable impersonation of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser. He is to return next year, as are most of the other important members of the present ensemble, and it all promises to be an unusually interesting season in the matter of reviving Wagnerian music dramas.

And finally, as a valedictory to my patient readers, a few words about the opera season of 1912-13. Gatti-Casazza has intrenched himself more firmly than ever in the artistic estimation of those who take opera seriously. During the course of the twenty-three weeks of opera in New York, thirty-six different operas have been sung in four languages, Italian, German, French and English. The novelties presented were the Russian work, "Boris Gudunoff," a remarkable opera, and "Cyrano," an opera in English, which fell short of high ideals and can scarcely be said to have furthered the cause of opera in English, now being aided by the Metropolitan directors.

Then there have been revivals of note of "The Magic Flute," "The Huguenots" and "Don Pasquale," all of which have been neglected here during recent years. "The Secret of Suzanne," made known here by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, was also added to the Metropolitan repertoire this season, and quite a number of the standard operas have been fitted out with new effects.

Among the new stars, Frieda Hempel, Lucrezi Bori, Jacques Urlus and Carl Braun have won their spurs and will be retained, while the great ensemble of familiar artists has not been broken into, but has been strengthened by these new importations.

Indisposition has played tricks upon the management from time to time, and there have been some unavoidable changes of opera or of individuals in the casts, but not enough to cause comment. It would seem that the artistic standard has been raised several notches during the season. And Giulio Gatti-Casazza goes quietly but steadfastly on, accomplishing ideals and achieving general results that make New Yorkers point with pride to the Metropolitan as having no superior in the opera houses of the old world.

Margaret Sayre, Roland Rushton, John Clulow and Frederick R. Seaton have been added to the cast that will appear in Oliver Morosco and Charles L. Wagner's production of J. Hartley Manners' dramatization of Jeffery Farnol's novel, "The Money Moon," which will receive its premier at Powers' Theatre, Chicago, on the 27th of this month. Mr. Manners is personally conducting the rehearsals.

Oliver Morosco's production of Louis F. Gottschalk and L. Frank Baum's big musical fantasy, "The Tik Tok Man of Oz," will remain at the Cort Theatre, San Francisco, but two more weeks, after which it will begin an engagement in Chicago that will carry it through the summer. The New York presentation of the play will take place in September.

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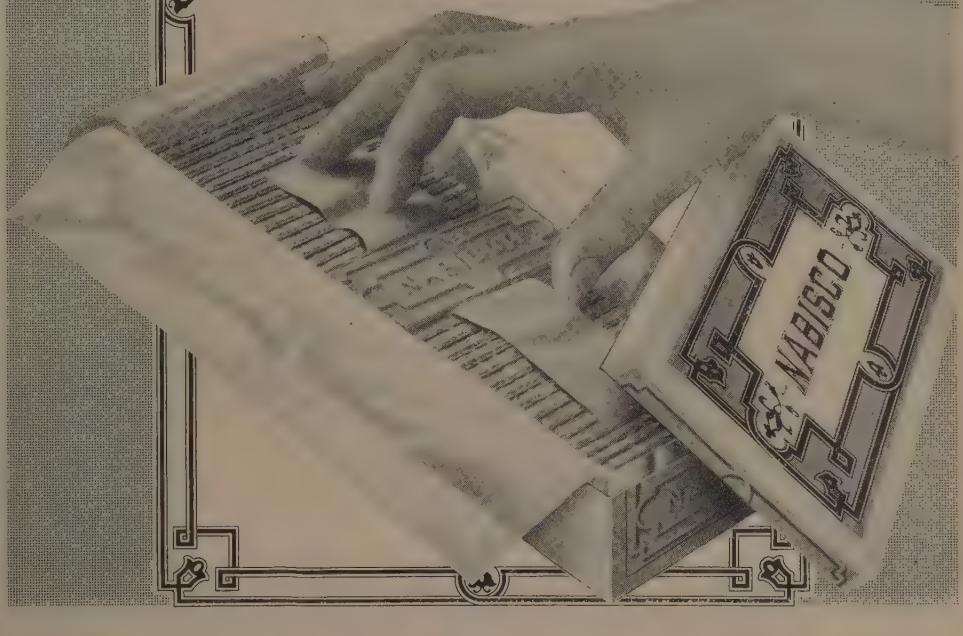

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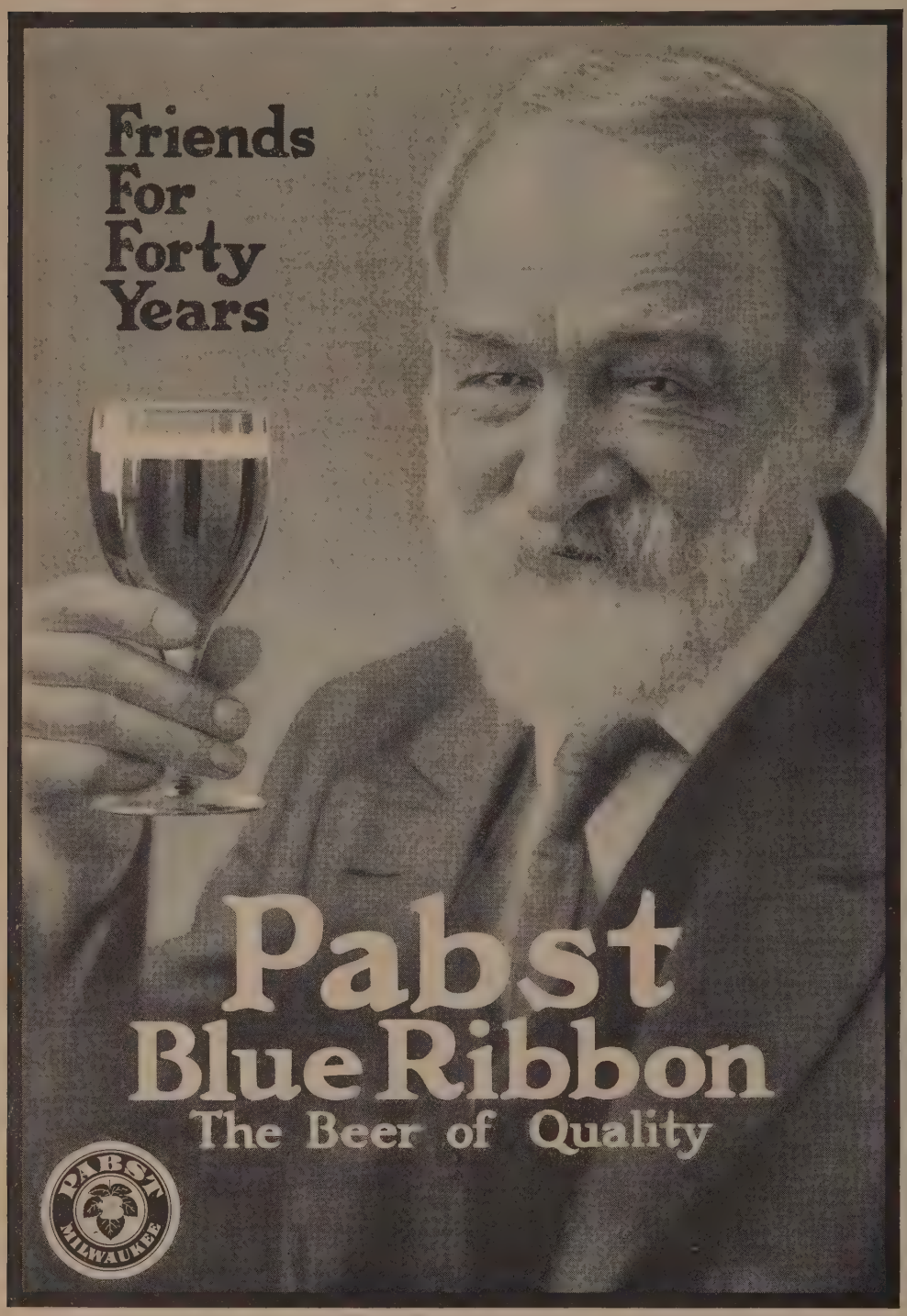

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page 132*)

IRVING PLACE. "FRÄULEIN JOSETTE—MEINE FRAU." Farce in four acts by Paul Gavault and Robert Charvay. German version by Max Schoenau. Produced on April 7th.

"Mademoiselle Josette—ma femme" was done four seasons ago in English by Charles Frohman, with John Drew and Billie Burke, under the title of "My Wife," so that the story of the play need not be repeated here. In the American version they skated around the salaciousness of the original story; in the German they went at it full tilt, in the heavy-footed German way, with the result that it became a vulgar, noisy farce. Fräulein Mathilde Brandt is much too mature to play a girl of eighteen, but is an experienced and resourceful actress. Herr Direcktor, Rudolph Christians, is an actor of fine personality, of finished technique, but, unfortunately, with a faulty diotion most unusual in a German actor. The best work was done by Heinrich Marlow as Theodor Panard, Max Jürgens as Joe Jackson, and Ernest Auerbach as a waiter.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "THE GEISHA." Japanese Musical Play in two acts; libretto by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones. Revived on March 27th with this cast:

Wun Hi, James T. Powers; Arthur Brownville, Bert Young; Tommy Stanley, Cecil Renard; Dick Cunningham, Charles King; Reginald Fairfax, Carl Gantvoort; Nami, Irene Cassini; Juliette, Georgia Caine; Marquis Imari, Edwin Stevens; Takemine, George Williams; Ethel Hurst, Florence Topham; Mabel Grant, Jane Burdett; Marie Worthington, Grace Bradford; Lady Constance Wynne, Pauline Hall; O Mimosa San, Alice Zeppilli; Churia, Eugene Roder; Captain Katana, Frank Pollock; Molly Seamore, Lina Abarbanell; Blossom, Zetta Metchik; Golden Harp, Olga Harting; Chrysanthemum, Alice Baldwin; Little Violet, Edith Thayer; Koko San, Anna Ailion; Hanna San, Amelia Rose; Reto San, Susanne Douglas; Saki San, Nellie Ford.

Mr. Arthur Hammerstein and the Shuberts are presenting a revival of "The Geisha" at Weber and Fields' Forty-fourth Street Theatre, with James T. Powers as Wun Hi, the Proprietor of the Tea House. It is designated as an all-star performance, and the bill of the play glitters with notable names: Alice Zeppilli as Mimosa San, Lina Abarbanell as Molly, Georgia Caine as Juliette, Pauline Hall as Lady Constance Wynne, Irene Cassini as Nami, with Charles King as Cunningham, Carl Gantvoort as Reginald, George Williams as Takemine, and a chorus of exceptional excellence. The Japanese settings have not been surpassed in any previous production.

LYRIC. "ROSEDALE." Comedy drama in five acts. Revived on April 8th with this cast:

Elliott Grey, Charles Cherry; Matthew Leigh, Frank Gillmore; Col. Cavendish May, John Glendinning; Miles McKenna, Robert Warwick; Arthur May, Stephen Davis; Bunberry Kobb, Leslie Kenyon; Farmer Green, George Williams; Corporal Daw, Harry Hadfield; Docksey, J. W. Hartman; Robert, George Wolfe; Romany Rob, Earl Mitchell; Rosa Leigh, Elsie Ferguson; Lady Florence May, Jobyna Howland; Tabitha Stork, Alice Fischer; Sarah Sykes, Della Fox; Mother Mix, Edith Warren; Miss Primrose, Paula Ludlum.

While certain wines improve with age, it is equally evident from recent dramatic revivals that certain plays gain nothing by the lapse of time. An example of the latter is "Rosedale," which W. A. Brady presented on an elaborate scale for a month at the Lyric Theatre. It was on September 30, 1863, that Lester Wallack presented for the first time on any stage at his old theatre, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, "Rosedale," his own version of "Lady Leigh's Widowhood," which had a big vogue when it ran as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It was acted then for 125 nights, something quite unusual in those days, and served him valiantly well thereafter whenever he felt need of a stop gap or went on one of his short starring tours.

"Rosedale" never was a masterpiece, and in these days when constructive technic is at its height this weird, lumbering, old-fashioned melodrama, with its asides, soliloquies and "carpenter front scenes," fairly creaks with age. But it is typical of an era and shows in spite of its crudities that the actor-author knew how to write a clever love scene and bring about stirringly effective climatic curtains. Charles Cherry made a dashing and engaging figure as Grey, and in his scenes with Elsie Ferguson as Rosa Leigh, a part which she played with delicacy and variety, there was real charm and humor. John Glendinning showed what a good actor he is as the vengeful Col. May, and Robert Warwick was picturesquely villainous as the kidnapping gypsy, Miles McKenna.

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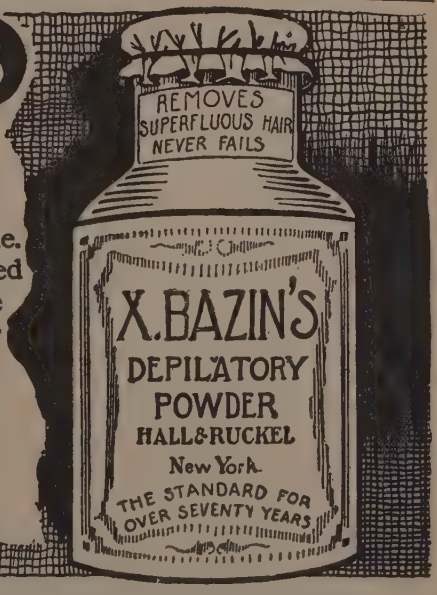

Bind Your Numbers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE

See page xv for particulars

Are you going to be married this Spring? Do you want to know what fashions are most in favor at this moment? Have you a country home to be furnished or refurnished at a minimum of cost? Then don't try to get along without Vogue this next month.

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Late Spring Fashions—all the new things, big and little, evolved since the Paris openings—are given the place of honor in the current Vogue. This number has, too, a delightful flavor of brides and bridal arrangements. Here are photographs of the principal brides of this season, and little sketches of what they are wearing at the ceremony and afterward.

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It is strange how a few people realize that there is a definite standard for outdoor wear. By reading the next Vogue, you will avoid the hybrid half-masculine, half-feminine outing clothes so often offered.

The next Vogue also gives plans for a very simple little country home—the kind you can safely lock up and leave from Tuesday to Friday. We will show not only the floor plans of this home, but also a pleasant variety of appropriate furniture, wallpapers and cretonnes. Watch for the next Vogue.

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ASTOR. "A MAN'S FRIENDS." Play in four acts by Ernest Poole. Produced on March 24th with this cast:

Tom Whalen, George Fawcett; John McLoud, Frederick Burton; Kate McLoud, Katherine Grey; Hal Clarke, Vincent Serrano; Nicholas Vance, Roy Fairchild; Helen Vance, Lily Cahill; The Governor, Harold Russell; Richard Marsh, George Backus; Alice, Zita Rieth; Grigly, P. S. Whithan; Harry, Robert Clugston; Theodore, H. E. Jewett; Sam, Le Roy Clemens; Gus, Antonio Nash; Ed, Henry Gerard.

The proposition in "A Man's Friends" seems to be "honor among thieves." Anything worse than a "squealer" in the world of corrupt politicians cannot be imagined, in fact, does not exist. A new building code is about to be passed by a Board of Aldermen, and the Boss, Tom Whalen, bribes one of the Aldermen, Nicholas Vance. Through a young friend, Hal Clarke, Vance is discovered, found guilty and sent to jail. Then everybody tries to get him out. Meanwhile the bribe-giver, Clarke, marries the District Attorney's daughter. Finally Mrs. Vance discovers who it is that has bribed her husband, and Clarke makes a belated confession to his father-in-law, the District Attorney, who resigns his place to become his son-in-law's counsel and to reach the man higher up. Wonderful to relate, this is the final curtain on the fourth act. It should have been the first. Some good acting was shown by George Fawcett, Frederick Burton and Lily Cahill. Katherine Grey was welcomed as an old friend, too long absent, but had nothing to do worthy of her talent.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "THE LADY FROM OKLAHOMA." Comedy in three acts by Elizabeth Jordan. Produced April 2d. Cast:

Ruth Herrick, Isabel O'Madigan; Freddy Belden, Frank Dee; Tim, Walter Renfort; Miss Conway, Mary Scott; Mrs. Henry Jenkins, Victoria Macfarlane; Virginia Jefferson, Alice Lindahl; Clarice Mulholland, Maud Gilbert; Arthur Belden, Walter Hitchcock; Mrs. Joel Dixon, Jessie Bonstelle; Mrs. Herbert Gordon, Kathryn B. Decker; Joel Dixon, William K. Harcourt; Birdie Smith, Teresa Michilena; Mrs. Rutherford Dean, Helen Orr Daly; Carrie Jones, Maude Earle; A Temperamental Lady, Lillian Dixon; Robert Pierce, Edward Davis; Senator Kirby, Henry Harmon.

Produced at a Brady Theatre by Jessie Bonstelle, to whom we are indebted for "Little Women" as a play, and written by Elizabeth Jordan, a writer of distinction, "The Lady from Oklahoma" had good sponsorship. The basic idea is similar to that used in more than one recent production. A plain wife, whose husband has outgrown her, beautifies herself and regains him, with the addition of helping him out in a practical way and thwarting her rivals in his affections. The wife is advised to learn deportment and pronunciation, to cultivate herself, and to become outwardly more comely by means of the constructive work done by the masseur and beauty-maker. The scene at the beauty parlor is relied upon, no doubt, as the chief feature of the production. If that scene, amusing enough to many people, were all, the play would have no substance whatever. It does not advance the action to any great extent, but it serves its purpose. It contains so many little incidents meant solely to amuse, and so disconnected with anything but the immediate occasion, that no connected account can be given of it. It is a novelty.

WALLACK'S. "ANN BOYD." Dramatization in four acts by Lucille La Verne, of Will N. Harben's novel of the same name. Produced on March 31st with this cast:

Ann Boyd, Nance O'Neil; Jane Hemmingway, Lucille La Verne; Nettie, Freddie Reynolds; Joe Boyd, Wilson Melrose; Colonel Chester, Richard Gordon; Luke King, C. H. O'Donnell; Langdon Chester, Richard Gordon; Sam Hemmingway, Rapley Holmes; Will Masters, De Witt Newing; Abe Longley, William W. Scott; Gus Willard, Philip Perry; Mr. Wilson, Carle Stone; Mark Bruce, John Dudgeon; Virginia Hemmingway, Grayce Scott; Mary Waycroft, Frederica Slemons; "Neighbor" Jones, Harriet Bent; Sapphira Jones, Luella Wade; Aunt Maria, Cora Trader.

The failure of "Ann Boyd" could not have been foreseen with any certainty from an acquaintance with the novel, written by Mr. Harben, which has considerable force and which is read with avidity by many people; but it was always obvious that the dramatization of it would be no small matter. The novel is dramatic in many of its passages. If it were not so, no one familiar, from the point of view of an actor, with what enters into the success of a play, could be misled by the grip of it in narrative. Miss Lucille La Verne, as capable an actress as we have in certain lines, undertook the very difficult task of dramatizing the novel, wrote and produced one version in Boston, revised it, and then brought the play to Wallack's, with Nance O'Neil as Ann Boyd. Nance O'Neil gave us thrilling moments and made an admirable and natural character of Ann. Miss La Verne herself, an actress who always makes her points, could make nothing of Ann's "enemy."

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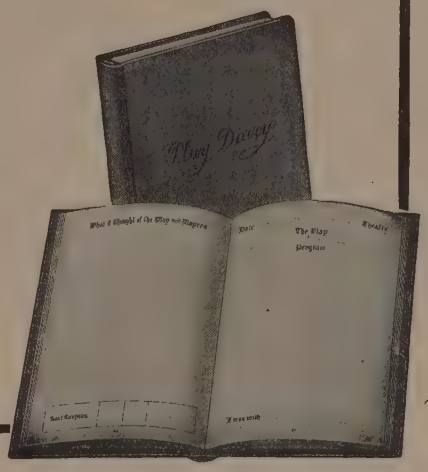

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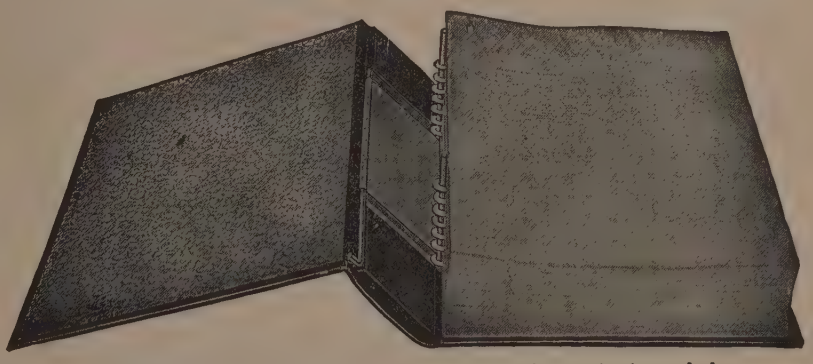

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PROMINENT among those players of the film drama who enjoy a paradoxical popularity—delighting daily as they do thousands of theatre-goers, and yet the sound of whose voices has never been heard—is Alice Joyce, the leading lady of the Kalem Motion Picture Company.

This young actress, whose personality in real life is just as sweet and wholesome as it looks on the screen, is not an easy person to interview. Unlike many of her sister artists, she shrinks from rather than courts publicity. One of her most noticeable characteristics is that she never talks about herself. Quiet and reserved, she doesn't talk very much about anything, but when she does she has something to say.

She began her career some six years ago as an artist's model. Later she became a photographer's model, which meant a wider field. Everyone was attracted by her photographs, which have been used over and over again all over the world. One day a photographer heard her say she could ride a horse, and when he became a Kalem camera man he sent for her. Practically her only riding experience had been with an old farm horse, who walked very calmly to the watering trough; but she scorned to admit any lack of ability when her chance came. She had said she could ride and she did—over a stretch of railroad ties with a wretched saddle. She was too excited to notice how often she fell off, but the next day she spent near the liniment bottle. The Kalem Co. signed a contract with her, and after a few months' work in New York sent her to California. She expected to be there two months, and was a little frightened at the idea of being away from her mother, yet awed with the prospect of seeing the wonderful West. The fact that she remained on the Pacific Coast nearly two years is an example of the uncertainties of the profession.

In the free, out-of-door life of the plains the young girl grew in many ways. She gathered poise and dignity as well as health and good looks. She left New York a pretty, timid little girl, and returned a beautiful, self-reliant woman. The California pictures, all taken out in the bright sunlight, brought out every line and curve in her face and form as no artificial light could do. At first she was not much of an actress, but it didn't seem to matter. Later, however, in some of the Indian pictures and the old Spanish legends, she showed real dramatic ability. The energy and skill she displayed when riding over the Sierra foothills and desert sands to rescue Carlyle Blackwell from so many perils meant hard work and perseverance. The rough costumes suited her as also did the Spanish and Indian dress. Of the artistic type, she looks most attractive when very simply or fantastically dressed. Much has been said in print about her making her own costumes. As a matter of fact it is very rarely that she wears her own creations for pos-

Photo Cortwright

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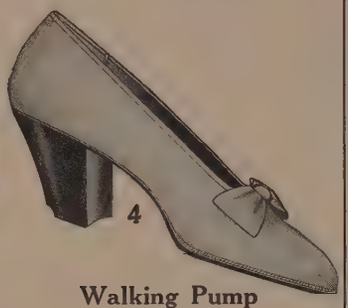

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Patent or dull leather, with gray suede back, high arch, Spanish heel.

Value $6.00. **4.50**

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ing. But she is very much interested in having the correct dress for the period of the story and seldom trusts her own skill in working the costumes out.

On her return to New York last spring, she took a little apartment not far from the Studio and keeps house there all alone. Not that she is what is called a housewife. It was about a week after she moved in that she discovered the gas had not been turned on in the kitchen and absent-mindedly she allowed her pet wastebasket to be permanently swallowed up by the dumbwaiter. But it is a sweet little "Girly" house with a lot of picturesque things from California and Mexico about, and signed photographs of motion picture people on the walls. She likes being at home and looks beautiful in the soft, pretty clothes she wears there. She actually goes to bed early nearly every night in the week, although she isn't exactly the recluse one might imagine from some descriptions of her. She enjoys life as well as anyone, is very fond of going to the theatre and, like all motion picture players, rarely misses seeing a new "release." Screen actors take the keenest interest in watching their own

White
Interior of the new Palace Theatre at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street

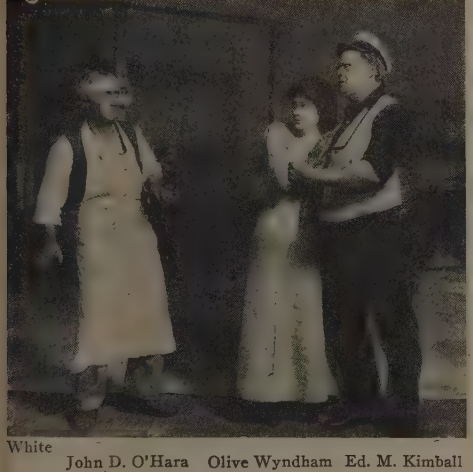
pictures and those of their friends and acquaintances. They know so many of the players intimately and understand so thoroughly the "business" of each film that they get much more out of the pictures than the ordinary spectator. For instance, there are little movements and gestures which to the film player have a very particular and definite meaning and, far from giving a stereotyped atmosphere to the acting, they are a great help in the illusion if properly done. Miss Joyce watches the films closely (her own pictures and those of others) in order to detect mistakes or profit by a better technique. She, too, has her favorites. Max Linders being one of them. "The only real comedian in the 'movies'" she calls him.

Seeing one's friends on the screen is also a great pleasure to film players. It helps out actors' mothers and other relatives to be able to see pictures of their kin when the actors are away. One boy's mother goes to see his pictures at every performance and when they're shown in her town she feels their reality very strongly. After seeing one in which he had gone astray in business and had been helped out by another man, she wrote to her son, "I could have just hugged that old man when he gave you another chance."

Speaking of some new jewelry that she got not long ago, Miss Joyce said, "I tried to show it off as much as possible in our last picture so that Jane can see it." "Jane" is Miss Wolf of the

California Kalem Co. Miss Joyce has a frank, almost childish fancy for jewelry. She doesn't wear a great deal but she loves to have it and always notices any odd or artistic bit that anyone else wears.

One day a lot of letters came from the Kalem office when I was with Miss Joyce. I said something in a joking way about "mash notes" and she said, "Yes, but I could probably let you read any one of them." She is very proud of the fact that, among her admirers, the ones who write to her are nearly all women and little girls. The letters from little girls are very sweet. Some of them begin "My darling Alice," and all of them show real affection as well as admiration. At Christmas time people from all over the country sent her cards and remembrances and one little girl embroidered a handkerchief case in "A's" and sent it all the way from England. Some other little girl who sent a box of correspondence cards forgot to put her name in it and the actress is very sorry that she is unable to acknowledge it. The beautiful lace mantilla that she has worn in some of the Spanish pictures was the gift of a woman in Ohio who admired Miss Joyce in the films. All these things give her the greatest possible pleasure and, although it is impossible to answer every letter, she enjoys them, every one, and remembers the writer's name if she hears from her a year later. She has a very real and unusual appreciation for things done for her and enjoys a gift or any attention in proportion to the giver's sincerity.



White John D. O'Hara Olive Wyndham Ed. M. Kimball

Scene in "What Happened to Mary" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre

It would be foolish to say that she does not realize her popularity. She does, but it has not turned her head. She seems always to realize that there is plenty of work ahead of her and plenty of competition. At the Kalem Studio you are not immediately impressed with her importance as leading woman, but later you perceive that she doesn't lose any dignity by refraining from forcing her position upon her. She seems to be friends with everyone about the place because she really wants to be, not because she is trying to be democratic. She isn't at all in a class with the actor who said "I'm different from most leading men. I speak to the 'extra people.'"

She has very sweet amiable manners and they come from her heart. She is cordial because she really likes people and tactful through a real consideration for others. The longer you know Miss Joyce the greater possibilities you see in her.

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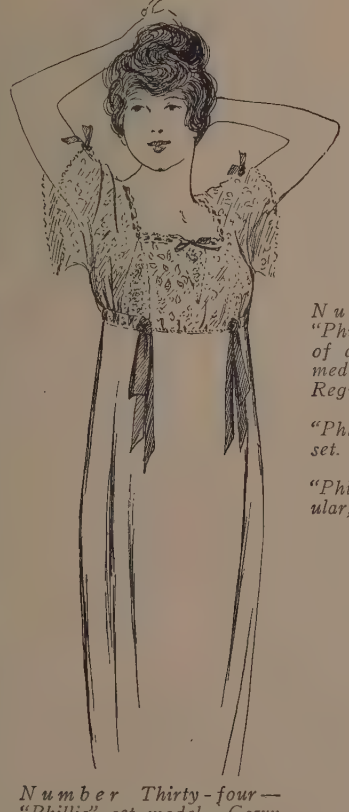

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Students in Interesting Plays

The last two performances of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at the Empire Theatre, on March 6th and 13th, were both creditable. The dominant feature on the earlier program was the first act of an unnamed play by William and Cecil DeMille. The act, played about one hour, held the interest of the spectators.

The students that took part all did excellent work: Miss Wollersen as the orthodox daughter of an orthodox minister; Miss Norden as a poor little worker from New York's tenement section; Miss King as the servant girl, a good character bit; Miss Lilley as the mother; Mr. Ritter as a young clergyman with little faith and lots of money; and others in minor parts.

But the triumph of the afternoon went to Mr. Willard Webster, who had been entrusted with the leading rôle—that of a young rector of the new school, who comes into conflict with his orthodox elders because he is determined to take practical and effective steps toward the betterment of conditions among the poor. Mr. Webster gave as finely polished a portrayal of the character as one may hope to see in any Broadway actor of experience and renown. He had freshness and spontaneity in his work, spoke extremely well and delivered a long and difficult speech with such convincing fervor, yet such delicate soberness, that there could be no doubt about his value as an artist. There was a sort of spiritual light glowing through Mr. Webster's rector, an atmosphere of purity, youth and well-reasoned idealism about him, that appealed perhaps all the more strongly because such qualities are rarely found.

The DeMille act was preceded by two plays in one act: "Sympathetic Souls," by Sidney Grundy, in which Mr. Stief did his best work of the season; and "Nora," by Rachel Crothers, which gave a number of the students an opportunity of showing off their talents to advantage.

For the last performance of the Academy Mr. Sargent's choice fell upon Molière's "Tartuffe." The task was a considerable one, and the attempt to carry it through deserves credit.

Mr. Langdon Gillet showed intelligence in his conception of Tartuffe, the classical hypocrite. He carried it consistently through the four acts of the comedy, and from time to time he had some very excellent moments.

Messrs. Cameron as Orgon; Graham as Damis; Ritter as Valère, should be mentioned favorably. Mr. Benton Groce was an extremely well-dressed Cléante, a perfect gentleman in manner and speech, but alas, not French. He was English, very English! Mr. Griffith Lusky lent his handsome, sympathetic personality to the officer of police. The audience positively enjoyed listening to his report. Mr. Ed. G. Robinson attracted notice as Monsieur Loyal, a pocket edition, as it were, of Tartuffe himself. The Misses Ellen Langdon and Caree Clark scored in the parts of Orgon's wife and mother, and proved once more by their work that solid dramatic training is not a thing to be scoffed at. As Dorine, Else Howard displayed good abilities for modern ingenue parts.

On March 14th the Graduation Exercises took place at the Empire Theatre.

On February 13th a triple bill was given by the students: "The Stronger," a one-act drama from the French by Emile Veyrin; "The Twig of Thorn," and Irish Fairy play in two acts by Marie Josephine Warren; and the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro," from the French of Beaumarchais.

"The Stronger" is a interesting playlet that illustrates the strength a woman shows in critical moments, however lightly the thread of her life may be spun; and the weakness, the utter breaking down of a healthy, well-constituted man when he is brought face to face with a tragedy. The woman in this case was well played by Miss Virginia Norden, but the best work in this cast of five was done by Mr. Howard G. Robinson, who played an old physician *raisonneur* to perfection.

"The Twig of Thorn" is a well-written little play about Irish peasants, Irish fairies and Irish superstitions.

Miss Gilda Leary's Oonah was a good little Irish girl with very few tones in the register of her voice, she was simplicity itself. Miss Caree Clarke showed ability quite out of the ordinary in the rôle of old Tessa.

F. C. F.

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EVOLUTION OF THE TALKING MACHINE

The above pictures are of more than usual interest, showing as they do the evolution of the talking machine. The picture on the right, taken in February, 1896, shows Mme. Sarah Bernhardt listening to a record she made in a New York studio. This, we believe, was the first attempt to record on the machine the voices of famous artists. The picture on the left shows Miss Adeline Francis as the Graphophone Girl, a vaudeville number which has created a great deal of interest lately. Miss Francis spent two years perfecting the novelty in the Columbia Graphophone laboratories, and is the originator of the act. The discs are all made by Miss Francis and the blending of the two tones is perfect. The most wonderful part of the performance is the measure of time kept by Miss Francis and the graphophone. In the songs the voices are never amiss and the intonation is absolutely perfect

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Facts Worth Knowing

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Have you ever stopped to think what a stupendous task it would be to visit all the shops and see all the fascinating novelties? Yet, if the fastidious shopper did not make a systematic tour of the shop, how would she know that she was making wise purchases? As there are limits to human endurance, the clever proceeding is to delegate part of the work, at least, to others skilled in the art of shopping. The articles described in this column are the gems, the "masterpieces" as it were, in the different branches of the absorbing clothes problem. They have been selected because they are smart, with all the distinguishing hallmarks of the season, and because they are the best value for the money.

When She Graduates

Graduation day is one of the epochs in a girl's career; she stands then on the threshold of womanhood. School days are to be left behind and society is waiting to bid her welcome, and for such an auspicious occasion she requires a pretty dainty frock. Convention has decreed the virginal white, just as it has for the bride when she stands on the threshold of wifehood, but this year the influence of color is so strong that it just will creep in, either in the foundation, the embroidery, or the ribbon accessories.

The careful mother very often does not feel that she should pay more than thirty dollars for this graduation gown, probably because she realizes that the wardrobe she must prepare the next season for the débutante will be an expensive affair. Yet she wishes a fine, dainty, pretty frock which will look well with the others. If she can buy this gown already made, she is quick to recognize the boon, but it is not always a simple matter to pick up a well-made, dainty frock for this price. There is one shop where she will find just what her heart craves. At the first glance she will feel sure that the tag is about to reveal a very much higher price, and so it would if the gown were not being featured. The fine Venice lace, the exquisite hand embroidery, and the chic air of the fetching little dress make it worth the $49.50 asked for similar frocks. It is fashioned from the white French voile, and has the new tunic skirt trimmed with the lace. The bodice is given a very dressy, yet girlish, effect by the embroidery and the jaunty flat collar outlined with embroidered net. The color note is introduced in the sash, and may reflect any of the new shades. To the woman who understands values this frock will be a revelation at $29.50.

There is very little more hand embroidery, but it is arranged in a different way on a frock of the French voile priced $49.50. This effective frock is built over a net foundation and is distinguished by a long coat peplum, very much longer in the back than in the front. This peplum is embroidered in small figures and edged with the flat Venice appliqué lace, and the embroidery and the lace are used to enhance the bodice, which has a tiny vest and dear little turnover collar.

When You Are In Déshabillé With Yourself

Is there any creation in the entire wardrobe as alluring as the négligée? One hesitates to call these creations négligées; perhaps teagown would be better, or the French term, which comes the nearest to being explanatory, *"Robes d'intérieur."* In other words, they are the costumes into which we fling ourselves when we can snatch a few minutes away from the endless social round and enjoy a bit of déshabillé with ourselves or a few chosen spirits. Some of these bewitching creations are so elaborate that one scarcely knows where to draw the line between the tea robe and the informal dinner gown, and again the bridge frock or the boudoir robe. The adorable robe in the sketch surely might serve for more formal occasions than a boudoir tea, for its lines, though négligée, suggest an appealing afternoon dress. The material is a crêpe de chine in blue, that clear blue which the Mediterranean reflects on a sunshiny day. The drapery of the skirt is kept to one side of the back, only a little showing at the left side of the front. Inside there is a fitted lining of net which holds the figure comfortably if the corsets are discarded, but the outer blouse falls with all the looseness and bagginess of the genuine Russian costume over a draped sash of blue satin ribbon. The revers are of blue crêpe de chine with large coin dots hand embroidered in white floss, while the collar and cuffs are of white crêpe de chine with the dots embroidered in blue floss. The fashionable V opening, which is never shown to better advantage than in an informal costume of this kind, is filled in with folds of white chiffon. The written description does not do justice to the charms of this delectable costume which should be worn by a blue-eyed bride when she breakfasts with the new hubby in the boudoir. And yet it is not an expensive robe, for the tag bears the price of $21.50.

The bride will be sure to add the fascinating breakfast cap of the crêpe de chine veiled with *pointe d'esprit*. The *pointe d'esprit* frill falls coquettishly around the face, forming a charming lacy frame for the happy little face, and a band of Valenciennes lace holds in the fullness and gives the effect of a second puff in the back, just the place in which to stow away the loosely coiled hair. These caps are too enticing to be resisted after one has a peep of herself in the mirror, and $3.50 is within the limits of all pocketbooks.

For the Girl When She Plays

The girl, or woman, of to-day who knows insists on correct sporting togs, and she is as careful to buy the newest cut in these costumes as she is in her street or evening creations.

The very smartest coats for the paddock, the links, or the casino in the morning, are the dashing awning coats recently brought over to us from across the seas. They come in various colorings, yellow, red, or blue, but the red have a certain chic that has made them the prime favorites—then, too, the awnings in dear old Paris are in red and white with hairlines of black, just like the stuff for the coats. They are cut on the straight, severe tailored lines in the typical double-breasted style, and can be worn fastened closely to the throat, or with the top button unfastened and the front form turned back to a lapel. There are plenty of pockets and big white pearl buttons. As they are very new, the price of $35.00 may seem a little high, but it will keep them exclusive and ward off the danger of having them die a quick death through their own popularity.

To wear with them there is no skirt as satisfactory as the cotton corduroy, made severely plain, so that it can be repeatedly tubbed without any of the distressing aftermaths of sagging, and fastened in the front. The sketch shows a particularly desirable model that will give good service on the tennis courts and the links, and yet it is very reasonably priced at $7.95.

If the sailor is not becoming and you are tired of the Panama, it may seem as if it would be impossible to find a suitable hat to complete this sporting outfit, but nothing is impossible to the shopper who knows where to look for the various novelties. The natty little hat on the girl in the sketch is of peanut straw with a drape of printed pongee. The gay colors in the Eastern design, so cleverly wrought on the pongee, blend with the awning coat, and the effect is delightfully jaunty and girlish, though the cost is only $8.50.

For the Country Home

We are beginning to appreciate the charm of simplicity, particularly in our house furnishings, and nowhere is this delightful state of affairs being demonstrated more conclusively than in the country homes of women of taste. The country house has now become a home, and the furnishings are in keeping with this idea, whether they consist of willow furniture, chintz hangings or white porcelain services. The photograph illustrates the beauty of an afternoon tea service in white porcelain with a rim of gold and the monogram in gold. You could not put before your guests china in better taste; the most expensively furnished city houses now use the white china with gold rims and monograms. The teapot, which is equally serviceable as a chocolate pot, suggests a Russian origin in the side handle projecting at right angles to the spout. Even the tray matches the tea set and is rimmed in gold with the cleverly designed monogram.

Latest Ideas from Paris

Fashion seems very undecided just now; our couturiers are endeavoring to combine old styles with quite new ones, and we are trying to fit in Persian art with that of the eighteenth century (which indeed is quite possible) and the Directoire costumes with Louis XV "retroussis." Several models were seen with very full, much draped, softly falling skirts, made with tight-fitting, buttoned-up waistcoats.

This betrays the vacillating tendency of the fashions, and the trouble of those who start them.

As for the waistcoats, they are seen in coarse damasks, in satin broché in very vivid colors, and in largely flowered stuffs which are essentially modern. Others, on the contrary, are made out of genuine antique waistcoats. Last autumn some waistcoats of this kind were described. They were not very much in favor this winter, but seem likely to come out as a sensational novelty among the spring fashions. One made out of a "chasuble" was wonderful.

These waistcoats are buttoned by means of paste, crystal, agate or cornelian buttons. Some, indeed, are in diamonds, not large, of course, but rose diamonds.

It will be considered very elegant to carry muffs this spring, and to line them with pieces of these old-fashioned silks. The muff will consist of the same material as the dress or the trimming of the dress.

The new fashion will bring no change in the outline of the figure, which will remain slim and graceful in line, merely showing a slight tendency to fullness on the upper part of the skirt, while it grows narrower in the lower part. The charm will consist in artistic combining of draperies and softness of materials, in the light transparence of the bodice, in the vaporous effect of chiffon and beaded tulle, and the brilliancy of mock diamond trimmings.

Quite a new departure is shown in the suppleness of tailor-mades; they often consist of silk ratine or wool broché over a ground of veiling; of gabardine—a new stuff resembling tussor—in crêpe de chine and in soft flowered satin. The colors are bright, green, violet or red, the last in shades of infinite variety, among which stands out with striking effect a coral pink of exquisite tint.

The colors, by the way of novelty, are many gradations of green, lime-tree, absinthe, and mustard-seed gray, almost dove-colored pink, and also brick-red and a rather bright blue. For evening dresses, skirts are to be made in two parts when they are covered with a transparent tunic, and will be finished off with a small pointed train added on. Bodices are to be cut much lower in the back than in the front, and will have long tulle sleeves. Beaded materials are being worn, whose weight will preclude all draping, producing on the other hand the peculiar attraction of moulding the figure more tightly. These evening dresses were worn with brilliant effect in the "first nights" of last week.

Don't forget that we shall be glad to send you the names of the shops where any of the above articles may be purchased.

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Dr. Jeanne Walter's Famous Medicated

RUBBER GARMENTS

for MEN and WOMEN

Wear my famous garments a few hours a day while walking or exercising and your superfluous flesh will positively disappear. Made either to cover entire body or any part. Results are quick and absolutely safe. Endorsed by leading physicians. Used by athletes, jockeys, etc., the world over. Union suits, stockings, jackets, belts for reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable for rheumatism.

Dr. WALTER'S ELASTIC SLIP-ON

Made of strong rubber elastic webbing. They hold the body firmly, give an even pressure throughout and produce that uncorseted effect. Far superior to ordinary corsets.

Made to Your Measure
Price, $8 and $9
Perfect fit guaranteed

Dr. WALTER'S ELASTIC SLIP-OVER

Made of strong rubber elastic webbing. Worn over the corsets and reduce the hips at the same time increasing comfort to a startling degree.

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Perfect fit guaranteed

This garment can be worn under the corsets all day without the slightest discomfort.

Neck and Chin Bands - - $3.00
Chin only - - - - - - - - 2.00

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Your heritage, which nature has intended for every woman. The wonder preservation and youthful appearance of many women are due in most instances to rules and adherence to precepts that have been formulated by those French experts who have made a careful study of the science of beauty culture.

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That is the name of the three latest indispensable preparations for beauty perfection.

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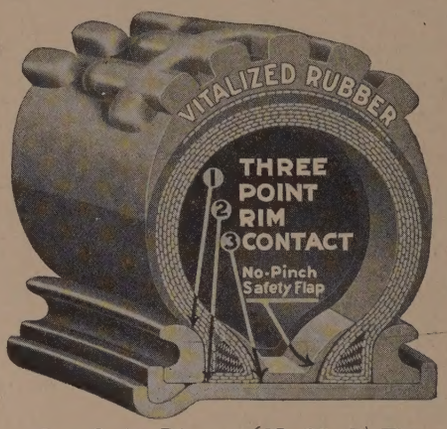
You—as a tire bill payer—now demand a vise-like rim grip—with no cutting or breaking above the rim—and here it is →

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires.

So we said to our Engineers:

"You must build us a tire with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact."

They did—and they also added the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection in



Cross Section Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire

Then we called in our Chemists and said:

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Here is a No-Clinch tire that appeals to the hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—the man who insists on easy riding comfort and a good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of rim contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

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All this is overcome in the Diamond No-Clinch because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cable wire bead holds with a vise-like, rim-grip.

Add to this the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, the Vitalized Rubber advantage, the famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee Tread) and you have bought rubber shod mileage that has no equal at any price.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires, you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

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The guarantee on Diamond Tires becomes null and void when the tire is used in connection with any substitute for air, fitted to rims, not bearing one of these inspection stamps or having had its serial number removed in whole or part.

Now is the time for sowing and sewing

The one with the aid of Nature
The other with that of L'Art de la Mode

Now is the time when a little effort in either direction will bring forth results wonderful to behold.

Too frequently in sewing, as in sowing, disappointment is the result—due to the use of unfruitful seeds.

The sewer's seeds are the patterns she uses. On these depend the outcome of her efforts—a perfect fitting gown with the mark of exclusiveness—or a garment branded with the dreaded stamp "home made."

Whether you are making a simple morning frock or an alluring evening creation—*your pattern must be perfect. It is the foundation on which depends the entire thing.* A slight defect in the pattern becomes a glaring fault in the finished garment.

To find the help you need in your summer sewing turn to page 32 of the May issue

If you are planning an extensive summer sewing campaign and have feared the necessity of using ten or fifteen cent patterns, rejoice!—for on page 32 and following is a selection of 103 models which fill every need in your summer wardrobe.

These patterns embody all the advantages of the higher priced L'Art de la Mode patterns, *yet sell for only 25 cents.* Cut by the same designers, they insure the success of your gown as faithfully as the patterns costing ten times that amount. The artists and designers of L'Art de la Mode know only one way to make a pattern—*and that is the perfect way.*

Some of the things among the 25 cent patterns—

- Kimonos
- Night Dresses
- Morning Gowns
- Bath Robes
- House Dresses
- Aprons
- Afternoon Dresses
- Walking Dresses
- Tailored Suits
- Fancy Blouses
- Tailored Waists
- Tailored Skirts
- Draped Skirts
- Elaborate Wraps
- Long Coats
- Girdles
- Sashes
- Princess Slips
- Dressing Saques
- Collars
- Jabots
- Ties
- Corset Covers
- Frills
- Vests
- Empire Combinations
- Princess Combinations
- Sleeve Patterns
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These patterns are cut in one size only—36 bust; 24 waist

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